



Roland of
Algernon
AND
OTHER POEMS.

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1875
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*Sincerely Yours,
Albert B. Barons.*

ROLAND OF ALGERNON

AND

OTHER POEMS.

THE LABORS OF ONE YEAR.

BY ALBERT BRADBURN BARROWS.

World-wide renown is simply a bubble,
On life's stormy sea of trouble,
That once within our grasp,
Quickly bursts—and naught remains
But this saddest of all refrains:
“A life-time gone. Alas!”

Page 199.

COMPOSED,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, BY

ALBERT B. BARROWS,
BOSTON.

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DEDICATORY.

To you, dear Dot — my loving mate —
This simple book I dedicate,
 A token of affection ;
And as often I may absent be,
May you in this a solace see,
 To soften your dejection.

This world is but a desert drear,
Except thy loving voice is near,
 To cheer me when in trouble ;
And oft my wayward feet must bleed,
If I did not thy counsel heed,
 In treading through life's stubble.

A blot my very life would be,
My faithful wife, if 'twan't for thee
 To rouse me to my duty ;
For I have oft discouraged been,
When compassed by the constant din
 Of those in search of booty.

The love of friends was never clear —
A mother's love I once held dear —
 My sisters' loves are holy ;
But I've left them all for thee, my wife,
And henceforth all my thought through life
 Shall be thy comfort solely.

If thou wert queen of all the realm,
Possessed of wealth that none could tell,
 I would not love thee better ;
But thou art only the poet's bride —
Though whatever else thou art denied,
 Thou hast my love forever.

Then when on earth our work we've done,
And over death the victory won,
 We'll bless his poisoned arrows ;
For when he lays his claim to thee,
I trust he'll also call for me —
 Your husband — Albert Barrows.

Boston, May, 1874.

P R E F A C E.

In publishing this book, I do not lay claim to being anything more than an embryo poet, and I simply ask for it an honest criticism.

By the dates appended to each poem, it will be seen that the contents of this volume were all written between April 1, 1874, and April 1, 1875, being the labors of just one year.

It may not be amiss to state that I never wrote a verse of poetry in my life prior to the former date, and as it may occasion some surprise to thus hear of my sudden *penchant* for poetry, I will briefly explain the circumstances connected with my first efforts at rhyming.

On the evening of the 24th of March, 1874—in consequence of overworking as a compositor on the Boston Daily *Journal*—I ruptured a blood-vessel, from the effects of which I lay for a long time at the point of death, and from which I am yet far from recovered.

It being impossible for me to talk, I was for a long time obliged to confine myself to the deaf and dumb alphabet to make myself understood.

Realizing that my only hope of life lay in keeping free from worry and excitement, the thought struck me that perhaps I might divert my mind from my troubles and the desire to talk, by "scribbling." Accordingly I signalled for paper and a pencil, and commenced a series of nonsensical rhyming in parody. The diversion pleased me, and I gradually began to write short poems on any subject that was brought to my notice, and found that I could rhyme, by the hour at a time, without the slightest effort.

The only poem written in April that I thought worthy of preserving was, "O, Why Wasn't I Born Rich," with the exception of a few verses of "Roland of Algernon," which I took up occasionally for the next few months, and finally finished in less than one year from the time I commenced, together with sixty-nine others.

In the next month I wrote no less than twelve poems and sonnets, and was so infatuated with my new-found talent, that I could think of nothing else.

In July (against my physician's orders) I was compelled to return to my labor as a compositor,

and had to in a measure abandon my new calling. But I have managed during my leisure moments to write enough to fill this little volume, and trust that in another year I shall be enabled to place a second beside it.

Many of these poems were written during waiting moments while at my work ; many of them were dictated to my wife, while unable myself to hold a pen ; and many of them were written in horse-cars, while travelling to and from work.

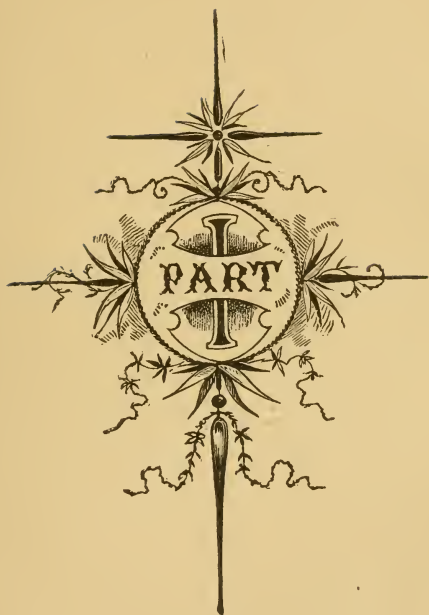
I publish this book with the hope that it may bring me the means of rest, for a short time, from the arduous labor of a business that is deadly injurious to my health.

With many thanks to the kind friends who have given me words of encouragement, I remain,

Respectfully theirs,

ALBERT B. BARROWS.

Boston, April 1, 1875.



POEMS.

THE TWO SAILS FROM OVER THE SEA.

Lying ill by my window, I look over the sea,
While a voice sweetly calling, keeps calling to me,
And as trembling I look, half turning to flee,

A tiny white sail I discern ;
I rouse myself up, and ope wider my eyes,
And think I've been dreaming, but vain the sur-
mise,
For out o'er the waves the little sail flies —
And I know not which way to turn.

I hush e'en my breath — and a long-drawn sigh
Escapes me, as again that bewitching cry
Comes over the waves, and bids me defy
Even DEATH to this sail overhaul ;
While it curves and careens, keeping pace with
the breeze,

This tiny white sail from over the seas,
My blood flows freely — My breath comes with
ease —

And I gleefully answer the call.

A peal of thunder rolls far and near,
And now that voice sounds faint, but clear,
With a heart-rending wail, as in mortal fear
Of some invidious fate ;
The lightnings flash, and the clouds grow dark,
But still onward bounds the little barque,
Plainly steered for no random mark,
But for my window, straight.

This craft is not steered by rudder or oar,
But plain I now see — reclined in the fore —
An angelic form, which with finger of lore,
Motions me to a seat by her side ;
She has a face without blemish, and eyes filled
with love,
Shining hazes surround her (shed down from above)
And, skimming the waves, she looks like a dove,
Flying straight for my window, wide.

With a smile on my lips, and joy in my eye,
I ope wide my window, and plaintively cry :
“Here — Beautiful spirit ! Draw near ! Here am I !
Bear straight for my window — white sail !”

With joy my hands tremble, as the blinds I unhasp,
Most fainting with rapture, I hope soon to grasp
The prow of the boat, then its mistress to clasp,
While she bears me away from the gale.

But now loud 'bove the tempest, a terrible roar
The caverns re-echo from our desolate shore,
More dreadful than thunder—aye, twenty times
more —

Is the sound that comes over the sea ;
A whirlwind, that for days I've watched sailing
the main,
Has parted — and out from the wind and the rain,
A terrible ship and a terrible bane,
Comes straight for my window and me !

This terrible ship fierce dragons adorn —
They lash and they quarrel, they roar and they
storm,
While the figure head rears its serpentine form,
And my limbs grow cold with fear ;
I now perceive how the masts are constructed —
Of bleached human bones, blood and flesh long
deducted —
And heavy black sails, which have my vision ob-
structed,
Flap loudly, as the object draws near.

But the little white sail ne'er swerves from its
course,

Though the thunder-peals roll with redoubled force,
And the cries of the dragons sound angry and
hoarse,

As they come within sight of their prey.
A movement in the boat, my eye now surprises,
For the beautiful maid with agility rises,
While twelve tiny elfs — of various sizes —
Her words of command quick obey.

In beauty transcendent, and grace most refining,
She stands, while the elfs — her wishes divining —
Hasten toward her, bearing articles brilliantly
shining

With gold and with silver and pearls ;
In bright silver armor they their mistress now fold,
With a breastplate of jewels — of value untold —
Coral shield and pearl helmet, then sword of pure
gold,

And her banner she proudly unfurls.

As, bewildered, I gaze on her beauteous attire,
I perceive on her brow, emblazoned in fire,
Her name — it is LIFE — and as she draws nigher,
The name of her barque I now see ;
For there, on the prow, in letters of gold,

The word *Hope* is written, in characters, bold,
While on the mast the word *Faith* I clearly behold,
And *Charity* is the sail, I perceive.

Now a terrible darkness falls around like a stain —
'Tis the shadow of the ship, coming fast o'er the
main,

With its cargo of demons, well known to contain,
And my heart stops beating from fear !

But what do I see, standing close by the fore ?

A skeleton, dread — surrounded by imps full a
score —

While in his right hand he wields, all dripping
with gore,

A sickle — and he's pointing here !

"My name it is DEATH," I hear him proclaim,

"I'm coming for thee, and thy prayers I disdain,

For when I return to my home o'er the main,

In my ship thou shalt passenger be ;

For with *The Grave* for my ship, and *Pestilence* my
sail,

Bloodshed my masts, and the help of the gale,

I'll bear thee away on a trackless trail,

To my home far over the sea !"

"Hold thine hand, Demon DEATH ! Go back to
thy clime !

I claim, for the present, this poor being as mine !

So haste thee away, and bide well thy time,

And I'll some day deliver him to thee!"
'Tis LIFE speaks these words, to fierce DEATH
 provoke,
And I marvel that she can such power invoke,
As to stop in its course the terrible stroke
 Of the sickle thus reeking for me.
Like the lightning's flash, that is here and then
 gone,
With the shock of an earthquake, and a rumble
 long-drawn,
The darkness dispels like the coming of the dawn,
 And DEATH and his ship disappear.
Now close to my window comes the same sweet call,
Gently the little craft grates 'gainst the wall,
And, exhausted with joy, I pantingly fall
 Into the arms of LIFE—thrice dear.
"Sail on, bright barque," I gleefully sing,
While the heavens and earth seem with gladness
 to ring,
And skimming the waves, like a bird on the wing,
 Fear to me is a thing unknown.
I'll still cling to LIFE; in *Hope* I'll still trust;
And when DEATH returns, as sometime he must,
I'll believe in my GOD—He does all things just—
 We all on his mercy are thrown.

Boston, May, 1874.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

A VERITABLE DREAM.

'Twas a blustering night in mid-December,
That I sat in my room like one dismembered,
Watching the dying, dying embers,

 Glowing through the broken grate ;
Then strange dreams came o'er me stealing,
With mystic forms around me reeling,
While ever and anon the thunder's peeling,
 Seemed to portend some wonder great.

Then I saw in my dream the dark clouds parting,
While the vivid lightning, flashing, darting,
Revealed a form most grand and startling,

 Clad in a white and spotless robe ;
I thought I heard strange chime-bells ringing,
I thought I heard the angels singing —
The same old songs, so sweet and winning,
 That they sang so long ago.

First it sounded faint and pleasing,
Then it continued with power increasing,
Till heaven and earth seemed rolling, seething,

With that wild, ecstatic strain ;
Then the song grew sad and wailing,
And I dreamt I saw the wicked quailing,
Before that form with power prevailing,
Trying to hide, but trying in vain.

Then He who ruled the sea and land,
Sent out His angels on every hand,
And this was the burden of His command,
As in suppliance they bent the knee :
“ Blow ye your trumpets, every one,
And start ye forth from the rising sun,
Nor tarry till your work you’ve done,
In summoning here to me —

Some one of all the men of worth,
Who fain would know of the end of earth —
The wail of the lost, the angels’ mirth,
The Judgment Seat of God ! ”
Then the angels, on their errand bent,
Came to the earth, as they were sent ;
But though they came, and searched, and went,
No man would face their Lord.

Then went they back to Him on high,
And told Him how in vain they’d tried ;
That all their entreaties had been despised,
And all their pleadings scorned ;

Then said He to them : “ Go yet once more
To all the earth, from shore to shore,
And beg them earnestly, o’er and o’er,
To listen, and be warned.”

Then came they forth a second time,
Down to this distant, earthly clime,
Intent on their message from Christ divine,

And one, called Gabriel, said to me :
“ Mortal man, wouldst thou look hence
To future years, to joys immense,
Also into that sea of fire unquenched ? ”

My answer was : “ I’ll follow thee ! ”

“ Then ’tis given thee,” said he, “ to know
All that future years will show,
And be it joy, or be it woe,

Thou, this night, shalt see ;
So rouse thee up, and stop for naught,
If thou wouldst this night see wonders wrought,
For the Being thou so long hast sought
Stands waiting now for thee.”

He bore me aloft through smoke and fire,
And as we mounted from earth, first high, then
higher,

I again heard the tinkle of harp and lyre,
And again heard that wondrous song ;

After rising many leagues 'bove land and sea,
He bade me sit down on a cloud at his feet,
And humble myself before the Prince of Peace,
Who for me had worn the thorns.

Suddenly that Being, so wondrous fair,
Thrice raised His hand aloft in air,
And spoke this clarion word — "Prepare !"

In a voice more piercing than thunder ;
At that dread word the mountains shook,
And every man his work forsook,
While stricken blind were many who looked
On the face of this mighty wonder.

Then below and around the mist seemed to rise,
Till I was suddenly struck speechless with awe
and surprise,
For both heaven and hell were plain before mine
eyes,

And 'twas impossible to turn away ;
Looking into the darkness of death below,
I heard their wild curses, their terrible groans,
Their clanking chains, as they fiercely strove,
And prayed for the light of day.

There were forms and faces I too well knew,
The playmates of my childhood, the friends of my
youth,

And their sad wails pierced me through and
through,

As I thought of many a time,
When I could have spoken a word, performed a
deed,

Or in many a way have sown the seed
That might have sprung up in place of a weed,
And ripened for a better clime.

But a strain of sweet music, and a bright gleam of
light,

Suddenly turned into day the darkness of night,
And a scene of such beauty burst forth on my sight,

That I was speechless with joy and amaze ;
There were many fond friends of yore,
Roaming forever and forever more,
Through Elysian fields and streets of ore,
For endless — endless days.

There were no wants to gratify there,
They felt no hunger, knew no care,
But all were blithe and free as air,

Happy forever round God's throne ;
The lion was led by the toddling child,
The crouching panther, once so wild,
Gamboled with the lamb, as gentle and kind
As the petted kitten in my earthly home.

Then He, the Ruler of this wide domain,
Turned full on me, and thus proclaimed :
“Thou art here, frail man, to wisdom gain —

Mark well what thou observest !
A tableau I have formed for thee ;
Look well, forget not, take heed,
That thou mayest call to mind this scene,
When thou to earth returnest.

Down in that burning lake are those
Who served me not, and rather chose
To suffer thus, with endless throes,

The penalty of sin ;
But there, in fields of burnished gold,
Are the faithful sheep of my precious fold,
Who suffered stripes, and hunger, and cold,
Eternal life to win.”

Then a mighty multitude, like the sands by the sea,
Extending back for league on league,
Presented themselves before the Judgment Seat,

At the feet of the Judge divine ;
And each bore a lamp in his journey of toil —
Some bright and burning, filled with oil,
But others empty, bruised and soiled,
And stamped with the mark of crime.

A ponderous book then the angels brought —
The Book of Life — in which they sought

For the names of the saved, the names of the lost,
And they read them loud, but slow ;
Then looking, I saw that numberless names
Were crossed with the mark of the murderer Cain,
And those, I noticed, whose names were stained,
Were those whose lamps were low.

And those were doomed to be cast below,
To that region of darkness, that lake of woe,
Where the stream of fire ne'er ceases to flow,
And the pain has no alloy ;
But those whose lamps burned d'ay and night,
Whose names on the Book were clear and bright,
They were welcomed by the saints on high,
With sweetest music and songs of joy.

Then the Mighty One thus spake to me :
"Dost thou all these strange things see?
And wilt thou henceforth guided be
By this one night in eternity?
If, when thou goest down to earth,
Thou wilt portray this scene, from best to worst,
Of saints immortal, and of fiends accursed,
I'll remember thee in adversity."

After speaking these words, He turned aside,
But I clutched His robe, and, frantic, cried,
In anguish that mortal could not describe :

“Stay, Jesus of Nazareth!

Almighty God of heaven and earth,
Ruler of immensity! Being of all worth!
Who markest out death e’en from birth!

Thou who didst die on Calvary —

One single word is all I crave :
I know that I’ve been a sinful knave,
But speak! AM I AMONG THE SAVED?”

Then my eyes grew dim and blurred ;
Fainting, my hold relaxed ! My cries grew wild ;
I clutched the ground, and wept like a child ;
But, joy ! He turned and sweetly smiled,

Then spoke four glorious words : —

“*Mortal, thou art saved !* I stared,
Most blinded by the sudden glare
Of that blessed answer to my frantic prayer —

“Mortal, thou art saved !”

But suddenly a thought ran through my brain,
Filling my mind with a terrible pain,
While with anguish I clutched His robe again,

And again I, struggling, raved :

“Stay, good Lord and Savior, stay,
Hear me while I, frantic, pray ;
But one more question ! Say, O, say —

MY WIFE — IS IT WELL WITH HER?”

With anguish unendurable, undefined,

I waited, in misery of body and mind,
Till He spoke in a voice most gentle and kind,
While I hardly dared to stir :

“ *Yes !* ’ Mong the redeemed thou shalt *both* stand,
In that great day, on my right hand,
To enjoy the pleasures of that better land
Forever and for evermore !”

Filled with rapture, strange and wild,
With thoughts of glory, undefiled,
With the certainty of meeting my angel child,
And others who’d gone before —

My courage rose ; I grew more bold ;
And a third time clutched His seamless robe,
A third time wept, and groaned, and strove,
Pleading before the Mighty Prince :

“ MY BOSOM FRIEND — IS IT WELL WITH HIM ?
Alas ! Why do Thine eyes grow dim ?
Methinks the clouds look cold and grim,
That gleamed but a moment since.”

Such a look of sorrow, comingled with pain,
I never wish to see again,
While far beneath, a fearful wail,

Came from the lost, in endless woe ;
He spoke no word, uttered no sound,
Except a sigh, most deep and profound,
While above, below, and all around,
A dirge was sung — so sad, so low !

Then the sounds seemed fast receding ;
Hushed was the song, the voice of pleading,
The groans of the lost, as mangled and bleeding,
 They cried aloud for death ;
On Gabriel's wings I again was rocked,
And soon was replaced, with the slightest shock,
In my old arm-chair — as the kitchen clock
 Woke me from my troubled rest.

The fire was out ; the room was cold ;
The lamp burned dim, for the oil was low ;
And as I rocked in my arm-chair, to and fro,
 I could hear the hooting of the owl ;
I heard the sighing of the stately pines,
As they were gently rocked by the chilling winds,
While ever and anon the rustling vines
 Were answered by the house-dog's growl.

And still I rocked in the old arm chair,
And still my brow was clouded with care,
And morning coming, still found me there,
 Thinking of my strange, wild dream ;
First a happy smile would illumine my face,
As I thought of the promise of pardoning grace,
And then 'twould be by this thought chased :
 “ Great God ! Can these things be ? ”

Westboro', September, 1874.

SKIPPER AND MATE.

The Skipper was in the foretop, boys,
And the Mate he stood at the helm ;
Ah ! they were the lads to sail with, boys —
The bravest in all the realm.

You see, we'd parted our chains,
And were nearing a rock-bound shore,
While loud above the wind and rain,
We heard the dreadful roar —

Of the white-capped, hungry breakers,
And our hearts they were filled with fear ;
For we dreaded then to face our Maker,
While death it seemed terribly near.

Now our Skipper had sailed from realm to realm,
And he'd been wrecked on that coast before ;
So he called to the Mate to look to the helm,
While he quickly climbed to the fore.

Then, I tell you, boys, we thought of our homes,
And of our wives and children dear ;

While louder and louder sounded the breakers'
moan,
And all seemed dark and drear.

But there clung the Skipper, way up in the top,
Looking as stern as steel ;
And the Mate, out aft, stood firm as a rock,
With his brawny hand on the wheel.

"Starboard your helm !" the Skipper cried,
And "Starboard it is !" came cheerily back ;
While hardly on the storm had the echo died,
When on our lee a rock arose, black.

With the Skipper's quick eye, and the Mate's
ready hand,
We soon left that danger behind ;
But that one fierce rock was a mere grain of sand,
Beside those we were soon to find.

A few short hours would decide our fate,
At the fearful rate we were driven,
While the Skipper's hoarse orders to the Mate
Were obeyed as soon as given.

The Skipper he for an opening looked,
But his search was all in vain ;
He saw no peaceful, quiet nook,
That he could hope to gain.

Once more his orders he gave to the Mate,
Which the wind in its fury bore ;
Ah ! Little did he think that the hand of Fate
Was pointing to him in the fore.

Pointing to him and the Mate alone,
Of all those noble forms ;
Summoning them both before the throne
Of Him who rules the storms.

Suddenly there came a terrible shock —
And with a rumble like wildest thunder,
The ship rushed headlong 'gainst the rocks,
To be quickly torn asunder.

The masts then came down like lightning-struck
elms,
With the Skipper still clinging to the fore ;
While a terrible wave dashed the Mate from the
helm,
And neither were seen any more.

Then the ship she groaned most terribly, boys,
And a wail came up from the sea,
When the Skipper went down with the foretop,
boys,
And the Mate met his death at the wheel.

A life-boat came to our rescue, boys,
And took us safe to the shore ;
But a deadening sorrow o'ershadowed our joy —
A sorrow we ne'er felt before.

For every gust of wind that fanned
Those cruel, heartless reefs —
And every billow that washed the strand,
Seemed to mock our griefs.

“Your Skipper brave has perished, perished !”
Laughed the winds and waves ;
“And the daring Mate you once so cherished,
Has found a watery grave !”

Next day there was nothing to tell the tale,
But an eddy where the ship went down ;
When I saw that spot my cheeks grew pale,
And my heart gave a fearful bound.

Yes, boys, the Skipper he clung to the fore,
While the Mate stood true to the helm ;
And though you search this world from shore to
shore,
Their equals you'll ne'er see again.

Boston, August, 1874.

MOUNT SUNAPEE.

CHAPTER I.

Old Sunapee — thou mount majestic —
Standing thus in power domestic,
Homage to thee we bring ;
Some things they fade, and others wither,
But still the mists from off the river
Around thy chasms cling.

In boyhood and in youth, romantic,
I gazed upon thy form, gigantic,
With love, and awe, and fear :
I loved thee for my country's sake,
I feared thee when the thunders spake —
With awe beheld the lightning near.

Old Sunapee — why dost thou stand
So bold and rugged, dark and grand,
And boast thee of thy might ?
Why dost thou frown, as though with blame,
On yon sweet lake, that bears thy name,
And always shines so bright ?

Thy proud old trees scarce seem to bend,
Although the clouds, which lightnings rend,
Are but a little higher ;
Thy bold-faced rocks ne'er utter sound —
They're but mementos, strewn around,
Of earthquake, flood and fire.

Thy gullies yawn with open mouth,
And seem to mock the very drouth
That parches up our land ;
For well we know that rills abound,
And rippling water can be found
Near them, on every hand.

Thy gray old crest — by fire made bare —
Defies the sun's fierce summer glare,
And reflects on us its heat ;
But when the wintry snows lay cold
Upon thy ghastly summit bold,
Our fires we gladly greet.

Thy rugged sides, all strewn with flowers,
Waft incense from a thousand bowers,
E'en while thy storms are brewing.
Thou sluggish mount ! Thou heap of earth !
The tiniest seeds to crops give birth —
And what good hast thou been doing ?

CHAPTER II.

Ungrateful man! Know that I disdain
Thy silly words — and thy manner vain

A storm in my breast is sowing!
Why shouldst thou my peace deride
By letting browse upon my side
Thy cattle — e'en now lowing?

Couldst thou no other place have found,
Than build upon my hallowed ground

Thy humble log abode?
Wert thou compelled to cast thy lot
Upon this once secluded spot,
Where man had never strode?

I pitied thee, and took thee in,
And sheltered thee from rain and wind

Through many a wintry night;
But how hast thou my kindness returned?
My pastures are shorn, my entreaties spurned,
While fires my summit blight.

Thou cutted'st my timber, thus leaving me bare,
My choice sapplings killing, regardless of care,
Then, assuming another *role*,

To my very heart thou didst dig a mine,
And where once rose my crest in grandeur sublime,
Naught remains but a deep, dark hole.

Look where thou wilt, from my summit to base,
Thy roads and thy railroads my ridges encase,
And helpless I'm bound to the earth,
Each day I'm filled with consternation
As the iron horse shakes my very foundation,
And I am maddened at the sound of mirth.

My fallow ground is mangled and torn
By thy rude plow ; and I hourly mourn
The day that I took thee in.

Thou hast blasted my rocks as though they were
thine —

Thou hast blighted the shrub as well as the vine,
And a curse thy presence has been.

But though sadly ill-used, I'll still be thy friend,
And when thunders roar and wild lightnings rend,
Thou shalt value a friendship like mine ;
My treasures were all to be used, I suppose,
And o'er my rough sides, whatever there grows,
I deliver to thee and to thine.

Boston, May, 1874.

HILLDARE;
OR
THE OLD ARM - CHAIR.

As memory carries me back to the past,
To those good old days, which forever last
In the minds of those by exile o'ercast,
I sigh for my home in Hilldare :
That grand old home for which my ancestors
fought,
With its fireplace bright, where I was early taught
To count the hands on the old-fashioned clock,
While sitting in the old arm chair.

There's the heavy old lounge, on which I once
used to loll,
There are the stern old portraits surrounding the
wall,
And sad throbs my heart as I plainly recall
My beautiful home in Hilldare ;

My sobs come fast, and my tears will not stifle,
As I see 'mong the books my dear mother's Bible,
While there in the corner hangs grandfather's rifle,
Right over his old arm-chair.

The mantlepice many neat relics does hold,
For my ancestors all had been travellers bold,
And they'd brought many a gem of value untold,
To their beautiful home in Hilldare :
There are mosses and shells that once were in
motion,
And the brightest of stones from over the ocean,
But I care not for these — all I ask for my portion
Is my grandfather's old arm-chair.

I look into the kitchen, where everything stands
The same as I left it, to visit strange lands —
For all is made cheerful by my dear mother's
hands,
In the grand old kitchen at Hilldare ;
Supper seems to be ready, for the table is set
With dishes of porcelain and china, rare met,
While my grandfather — wiping from his brow the
sweat —
Asks for his old arm chair.

There's my own little chamber, where I slept from
the beginning,
Where stands the rude bed, with its pure white
linen,
And when tired in body, there's no place so win-
ning

As the old-fashioned bed at Hilldare ;
The bureau stands in its accustomed nook,
While on it lies many an antique book,
And above it the mirror, that grandfather took,
Along with the old arm-chair.

And then comes the picture of Bonaparte's fall,
While the map of New England still hangs on the
wall,
With the lead-pencil mark in the centre of all,
Denoting our home at Hilldare ;
The next place that comes in the line of our route
Is the attic, with everything loose strewn about,
Where stands in the corner — with rockers
knocked out —
The mate to our old arm-chair.

There's the cumbersome wardrobe, containing
everything odd,
From mantle and tunic, to sombrero broad,

Oft worn by my uncles as they strange countries
trod,

After leaving their home at Hilldare ;
The pamphlets and papers lie neglected in a pile—
How often they've helped me the hours to beguile,
As with arm full of reading, my sisters I'd rile,
By confiscating the old arm-chair.

Ah, many long years I fear must elapse
Before I again tread those halls — and never, per-
haps,
Shall I look on the hills, with their snow-white
caps,

That tower 'bove my home at Hilldare ;
But I'll always remember, with pride and with joy,
The beautiful home that I left when a boy,
And till Death for me calls, may nothing destroy
The thoughts of the old arm-chair.

Boston, June, 1874.

JOHN AND I.

Come readers all, both small and great,
While I your eyes make glisten,
By telling of the freaks of fate
That I have seen — so listen.

The heroes in this yarn, you'll see,
Were both to "manor born,"
And of them one resembles me,
While the other's name is John.

Now John and I great friends had been,
When, at the village school,
We blew our trumpets, made of tin,
And learned the Golden Rule.

Before secession's fatal cloud
Had burst upon our land,
My father had been rich and proud,
And lived in style most grand.

John then was poor, and as I was rich,
I shared with him my toys ;
But fate soon took an adverse hitch,
And dashed my hopes and joys.

When Charleston's guns the heavens rent,
By firing on Fort Sumter,
As a Union soldier father went,
While John's sire went as sutler.

John's coward father "saved his bacon,"
And the soldiers' money won ;
But my sire was a prisoner taken,
While fighting at Bull Run.

Then soon 'twas told us, in a voice of stealth,
To our cup with misery fill,
That, sick and famished, he'd met his death —
A martyr, at Andersonville.

Disaster followed this direful news,
As trouble ne'er comes alone ;
For creditors, bold and heartless Jews,
Drove us from our beautiful home.

Then John's father came, with gold and with
blarney,
And made a most terrible spread ;
But I knew he'd been caught and kicked out of
the army,
For cowardly robbing the dead.

With his ill-gotten gains he purchased the home,
That with pride I had once called mine,
While I stood by, unmoved as a stone,
With naught in my purse but a dime.

Then John he dressed in colors gay,
And money spent like fun,
While I worked hard to pay my way,
And health and strength fast won.

John soon forgot that he'd once been poor,
When I was in "full feather,"
For his salutations — few, then fewer —
He soon dropped altogether.

The years flew by, while with might and main
I worked and studied hard —
Maintaining a name above a stain,
And striving to merit regard.

Then off to Europe John was sent,
'To spend his father's "tin ;"
And he bragged, when back, to his heart's content,
Of the places where he'd been.

But our lives were like our school-boy tilts,
And though now he was high in air,

I knew that if I but worked with a will,
I'd soon myself be there.

He took to gambling and loafing round,
And half the time lay drunk ;
So after a while he of course came down,
While I — why I came up !

My profession brought me gold,
And abstinence brought me health,
While by dissipation John grew old,
And was known as a “ ne'er do well.”

He spent his money, regardless of caution,
Immediately on the death of his sire,
And soon was forced to sell his house at auction,
While I was the lucky buyer.

I lived to see him poor and grim,
While I was happy as could be ;
And the girl whom he thought would marry *him* —
Concluded to marry *me* !

Boston, March, 1875.

LESSONS FROM INSECT LIFE.

How many things we're daily taught
By insects, who have wonders wrought,
Through instinct — seeming to need for naught
But a soul to save or lose ;
There's not an insect in all the earth,
That has not its own peculiar worth,
And will always fill its destined berth,
While 'twill seldom its power abuse.

The bee is known to every one,
By the curious wonders he has done,
In working hard, from sun to sun,
And laying up his store ;
The honey and its comb, you know,
Is made both neat, and sweet, and slow,
By the little bee, flitting to and fro,
Each moment gathering more.

The tiny ant has its destination,
And rises high in my estimation,
For with me it's a subject of contemplation
Whether his labors ever cease ;
He incessantly works to supply his larder —

Neither sun or rain being any retarder—
And say what you will, there's no one works harder
Than one of the least of these.

In his own way the spider works :
He spreads his net, then quiet lurks,
Till his feeble victim — bound, inert —
Lies helpless in his lair ;
He's ever watchful for his prey,
Seeming to neither sleep or play,
And gives us lessons, night and day,
Of perseverance rare.

The mosquito, they say, has an iron will,
And if there's one around, you'll feel his bill,
For though you cover up, and keep quite still
He'll find you, as sure as you're born ;
They many things teach — for instance, here's one,
They teach us to keep quiet when there's aught to
be done,
For the daring creatures oft spoil their own fun
By boasting so loud and so long.

The hornet is never known to rest —
And if you'd like to know him best,
Just attempt, with a stick, to touch his nest,
And he'll your acquaintance make ;
Now the hornet is gentle when let alone,
But when he is troubled with stick or with stone,

He'll find your weakness, and soon drive you home,
With a peculiar pain in your wake.

The wasp and the hornet are cousins, I'm told,
While their names side by side are always enrolled,
And many a bull-dog, though fierce and bold,

Has turned tail when they were round ;
They both on business seem always bent,
And for some great good were surely meant,
For in architecture and self-defence
Their superiors are not to be found.

The fly is a nuisance — or so people say —
But I'll one question ask, and answer me, pray :
Does God make things in vain? You answer, "Nay,
His works are wise, and deep, and broad!"

Impurities dwell in both earth and air,
And in many ways we pestilence dare,
While the fly and other insects make it their care
These poisonous vapors to absorb.

The butterfly, so rich and gaudy,
Is a weak and inoffensive body,
Much poorer than his friends in shoddy,

On whom he looks so vain ;
He lives a day — and then is gone —
The most transient insect ever born,
Teaching how bitter and forlorn
Is life without an aim.

A proof of God's wisdom is the glow-worm, bright,
Which to me is an object of great delight,
For He combines here both an insect and a light,
That flits to and fro in the dark ;
It never needs oil to replenish its lamp,
Which always is ready, and sheltered from damp,
And he's nothing to do when he wants to decamp,
But raise his bright sails like a barque.

There are many insects quite voracious,
Who ply their trade unostentatious,
While old and young both act vivacious
When they these insects meet ;
"O, why were they made ?" I've heard people ask,
And to answer this question I'll make it my task :
They cleanliness teach — for they'll never bask
In a house that is wholesome and neat.

'Mong intelligent people, how few seem to know
How much they enjoy, and how much they owe
To their Heavenly Father, who made things below
For His children's especial use ;
The insect too often is crushed 'neath the heel,
As though, because small, it was powerless to feel,
And half an hour later these people will kneel,
Thanking God for the power of abuse.

Mansfield, June, 1874.

THOUGHTS OF A DYING MAN.

I am failing, failing, failing —
I have but an hour to live ;
Friends stand round me, wailing, wailing —
'Tis all the comfort they can give.

My tongue is parched, and will not utter
The words I long to speak ;
My heart will soon have stopped its flutter,
And I shall have ceased to be.

My eyes are fixed upon the ceiling —
I try to see in vain ;
My wife beside the bed is kneeling,
Yet I cannot speak her name.

My brow is clammy with the dew
Of my agony untold ;
My brain is dull and aching, too,
As though pressed within a mold.

I have no power to move my hands,
And my feet are frozen things ;
I dread to feel Death's cruel wand,
And at every sound I cringe.

The blood flows sluggish through my veins,
Which are filled to overflowing ;
My cords and muscles all seem strained,
And pain me e'en to groaning.

Now round about a haze seems falling,
And I feel a nameless dread
Of the Spectre, e'en now calling —
Calling me to join the dead.

A sound seems coming from the garden gate,
Like the roll of chariot wheels !
Perhaps it's a traveller, overlate,
Or a muttering thunder-peal.

Hush, my heart ! Be not so craven —
'Tis but a tapping at the door ;
May it not be Poe's midnight raven —
Come to mock, and nothing more ?

What strange footstep do I hear,
Almost noiseless as the grave ?
What fell presence seems so near —
Is it death ? O, tell me nay.

What voice is that now speaks my name,
In a hollow, husky tone ?
Laughing at my every pain,
Also mocking every groan ?

O, that hand, so cold and chill,
On my brow, my throat, my heart!
Try to struggle as I will,
From that clutch I cannot part.

O, the dark and turbid billows,
All beneath and round about!
Must I cross to yonder willows,
Through these mountain waves of doubt?

Heaven help me! Now the struggle!
Every nerve and cord must break,
Before I've done with earthly trouble —
Before I sleep, to no more wake.

I am strangling! Help, I say!
O, give me but one moment more,
All I ask is just to pray,
Before I start for that unknown shore.

What! Can I not one instant wait —
Just to bid my wife good-bye?
I'm willing, Death, to go *to-day*,
But must I *now, this moment*, die?

Aye! 'Tis well! The end must come!
Heart, now cease thy troubled throbs!
Pulse, be quiet! Tongue, be dumb!
Eyes, prepare to see thy God!

SUMNER'S GONE.

Requiescat in pace.

“Sumner’s gone,” the sad winds whisper ;
Echo repeats it, “Sumner’s gone !”
Injustice has lost a foe most bitter,
And Liberty weeps forlorn.
Rising from my sick-bed drear,
The sound of muffled drums drew near,
And thousands gathered, with silent tear,
His grave with flowers to litter.

“Sumner’s gone !” our nation wails,
While the seas take up the refrain ;
Sumner’s free from all his ails,
Sumner’s left this world of pain ;
Not always right, yet seldom wrong,
A host in himself, both brave and strong,
Humanity mourns that Sumner’s gone,
And his memory all retain.

Sumner’s gone from the Senate Chamber—
How much they miss him there !
How fearless he spoke in the hour of danger,
And a cruel fall thus dared ;

And, when stricken by the foulest blow
That was e'er received or e'er bestowed,
How he deviated not from the narrow road,
Still guarding his principles with care.

Sumner's gone ! The world at large
Has felt his wondrous power,
And all remember his dying charge,
That he gave in his dying hour :
"Take up the work that I've begun,
And finish what I've left undone ;
Give equal rights to every one,
And teach manhood to those who cower."

Sumner's gone ! It needs no slab
To mark the spot where the statesman rests ;
Mt. Auburn spreads her robe of drab
Round the form of clay that once was blest
With the power to make a nation wail,
With the bravery that made the tyrant quail,
With the love that ne'er was known to fail
A fellow-creature in distress.

Sumner's gone ! Would that I could show
A record as white as his !
His life was as spotless as the driven snow —
And much that life we'll miss ;

He cared for neither wealth nor fame,
He cared for neither praise nor blame,
But carried to his grave an honest name —
And of all I can't say this !

Boston, July, 1874.

DAY BY DAY.

Day by day we journey on
Through this world of woe ;
Day by day our only song
Is, " Shield us here below."

Day by day the choicest flowers
Fade and wither, droop and die ;
Day by day old friends of ours
Mournfully wail, " Good-bye."

Day by day, and hour by hour,
Temptations round us fall ;
Day by day God's wondrous power
Protects us when we call.

Day by day new troubles come
To mar our pleasures here,
Until our hearts grow hard and numb,
And life seems cold and drear.

Day by day with pain and sorrow
We watch the moments pass away,
Hoping, hoping that the morrow
May find us happier than to-day.

Day by day — slow, but sure —
We're drawing nearer home ;
Earth long has lost its power to lure,
We soon shall cease to roam.

Day by day Death's darksome stream
Rises plainer on our sight,
While 'cross the river comes the gleam
Of Paradise fair and bright.

Day by day, O Father above,
Teach us how to better live ;
Help us to feel Thy glorious love,
To us each day new blessings give.

Boston, July, 1874.

THE BREWER AND THE CRIPPLE.

A red-faced brewer, hale and hearty,
On a hot, oppressive day,
Sat on his wagon, *en route* for the market,
When he chanced to overtake, by the way,
A cripple who, sad and despondent,
Had stopped by the roadside to rest —
For many a mile he had wandered,
Stopping oft by the way to beg bread.

Then the brewer he stopped his ponderous team,
And cheerily spoke to the man.
“Whither are you bound, my friend?” quoth he;
“And why sit ye down in the sand?”
“Alas, friend brewer, I’m crippled and weak,
And my journey is long, so long;
While since yesterday morn I’ve had nothing to
eat —
And I regret that I ever was born!”

Then the brewer he jumped from his cumbersome
wagon,
And assisted the other to a ride;
Then divided his lunch, and divided his flagon,
With the cripple who sat by his side;

Then gaily they chatted as they rode along,
Till their happiness reached a focus,
And the brewer broke out in a jovial song,
While the cripple he joined the chorus.

At length they reached the market town,
Where the brewer he carried his beer ;
Then he gently lifted the cripple down,
And bade him a right good cheer.
He sold his beer and bought his malt,
And, when his day's work was ended,
He slowly drove home, with many a thought
Of the cripple he'd that day befriended.

And the cripple, when he reached his journey's
end,
Knelt gratefully beside his humble cot,
And asked the Lord to bless the friend
Who'd brightened that day the cripple's lot.
While I, who this trifling incident saw,
In a walk of life so obscure,
Called blessings down that night, from God,
On the heads of both cripple and brewer.

Boston, January, 1875.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

An aged man, with hoary locks,
And feeble steps and slow,
Delights to talk, as he carefully walks,
Of the good times long ago.
By his side a comely, fragile lass,
Bright as a fairy dream,
Trips gracefully o'er the yielding grass,
And lightly leaps the stream.

December is the old man's name,
And his age is fourscore years,
While he has seen both strength and fame,
And also pain and tears.
But May, his blooming grandchild,
While joyously she sings,
Sees nothing to disfranchise
Her thoughts from earthly things.

It pleased me much to see these two,
Representatives of different times —
The one all life, all grace and youth,
The other feeble and blind.

'Twas always thus. 'Twill be so ever.

Both youth and age go arm in arm ;
While Life unites, so Death must sever —
The storm is ever near the calm.

Boston, January, 1875.

OUR FUTURE HOME.

When we reach that glorious city,
Where the weather ne'er is cold,
Where the flowers never wither,
Where the people ne'er grow old ;

Where the streamlets ripple ever
In the light of endless day,
Where the darkness cometh never,
Where the lambs with lions play ;

Where the gates are made of jasper,
Where the streets are all of gold,
Where we'll never leave our Master,
Never leave the precious fold ;

Where we'll never suffer pain,
Or ever witness sorrow,
Where we'll never part again,
Where there is no morrow ;

Where the song is ever swelling,
A proof of joy and mirth,
Where with music the heavens are telling,
Sweeter far than that of earth ;

Where we'll meet those gone before,
Whose memory we so much love,
Where we'll roam for evermore
In that bright heaven above —

Then we'll dress in spotless robes,
That to the saints belong ;
Then we'll cease our earthly groans,
And join the endless song.

Westboro', September, 1874.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Sexton, bid thy sweet bell toll ;
And, while far around its echoes roll,
Bring a brand from the fire,
'To light the funeral pyre ;
And let tears be shed
For the year that's dead.

Sexton, toll thy bell,
Till like a mournful knell
It joins the chant of the friar
And the tinkle of the lyre,
Ringing a dirge, both wild and long,
For the blessed year that's past and gone.

Sexton, bid thy sweet bell toll,
Until it asks of every soul,
" Hast thou continued to plod
Toward the kingdom of God,
During the year gone past ?
If thou hast not — alas ! "

Sexton, toll thy bell ;
Let its sad echoes swell,

Like the voice of Fate,
Saying, to small and great,
“A year has dropped from out Time’s sieve,
And one year less thou hast to live.”

Sexton, bid thy sweet bell toll,
Till its notes are wafted from shoal to shoal,
That all who hear it may kneel in prayer,
And thank the Lord for his wondrous care,
Ceasing to weep, though broken-hearted,
For the hopes died out in the year departed.

Sexton, toll thy bell ;
Bid it speak farewell
To a year of trouble, sorrow, pain,
To misspent hours and longings vain ;
But bid it not say to you or I,
“Thy course is run ! Good-bye ! good bye !”

Boston, October, 1874.

THE DRUNKARD.

I saw the strong man in his might,
At the earliest dawn of day.
I saw him again as the shades of night
Were creeping o'er the bay :
His step was then tottering, his form was bent,
His eyes were bleared, his clothing rent,
And all unheeded came and went
The passers on their way.

They called him one of the best of men,
Tender-hearted and kind ;
But mad with liquor — then, oh, then,
To reason he was blind.
I pitied the man, and reviled him not,
For I feared that his life had become a blot,
And that he who now was a drunken sot
Had but a drunkard's mind.

Oh, most shameful sight that e'er was seen
Upon this cruel earth,
With the form of God, transformed to a fiend,
And living to curse his birth ;

To think that his child, and his loving wife,
Should be forced to fly for very life,
From the presence of him who once was rife
With prospects of honor and worth !

O drunkard, drunkard ! I weep for thee !
Wert thou for this begotten ?
Thy manhood gone — thy destiny
To die and be forgotten ;
And, after thou art dead, thy name
Shall ever be thy children's shame,
And all thoughts of thee shall, with thy frame,
Be forever buried and rotten.

Boston, August, 1874.

FARE THEE WELL, FOR A TIME

I went out in the world when very young,
With naught in my purse but a dime ;
And leaving my home, I sadly sung,
“ Fare thee well, for a time.”

As I dreamt of what the future might bring,
That seemed to me so blind,
I thought I could hear my mother sing,
“ Fare thee well, for a time.”

'Board an ocean steamer stood a friend —
A much loved chum of mine —
As the anchor was weighed, he turned and said,
“Fare thee well, for a time.”

A beautiful bird, on gossamer wing,
With voice like a silver chime,
Passing my window, stopped only to sing,
“Fare thee well, for a time.”

In my arms lay gasping, dying,
My infant boy — my only child —
And the pines seemed to whisper, softly sighing,
“Fare thee well, for a time.”

And so it is where'er we go,
Though not always spoken in rhyme,
The waves that moan, and the winds that blow,
Say, “Fare thee well, for a time.”

Boston, December, 1874.

LITTLE MAMIE LANE.

Each day come tidings through the land,
That the spectre Death still reigns,
And we hear with sorrow that he's laid his wand
On the brow of Mamie Lane,

She ever was a heavenly child —
Free from spot or stain ;
There never was a child more undefiled
Than little Mamie Lane.

'Twas but a few short months ago
(To me it seems but a day),
That for hours my little one laughed and crowed,
In the arms of Mamie Lane.

I often thought as I saw them then,
In their childish love unfeigned,
'Twere a pity to part such youthful friends
As our infant and Mamie Lane.

God took away our darling first,
From this world of trouble and pain,

And now he's sent for the little nurse —
Sweet, blue-eyed Mamie Lane.

But cheer up, parents, thus sore bereaved,
And from your tears refrain :
She's now an angel for whom you grieve,
That once was Mamie Lane.

Boston, December, 1874.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT COMETH.

Work, for the night cometh,
Wherein dangers lurk ;
And he whom God loveth,
Must in his vineyard work.

Work, for the day waneth,
Night cometh on apace ;
He who from work abstaineth
Will surely lose the race.

Work, while there's aught to do,
And do it with thy might ;

To God and country ever true —
Always in the right.

Work, in the early morn,
When birds their praises sing,
And nature seems new-born —
Then your offerings bring.

Work, while the noon-day sun
Makes everything ablaze ;
That thou mayest when night comes
Receive the Master's praise.

Work, for the night cometh —
Never thy duty shirk ;
Work, for the night cometh
When thou canst no more work.

Boston, August, 1874.

MY EXPERIENCE.

I've known what it was to be hungry,
Without money to buy me food ;
Far away from my native country,
Where flowers my pathway once strewed.

I've known what it was to thirst,
Many miles from well or spring ;
When I'd give the contents of a well-filled purse,
If one drop of water 'twould bring.

I've known what it was to go tattered,
And shunned by the well-dressed crowd ;
With my once new hat sadly battered,
Gloveless and bootless, but proud.

I've known what it was to be sick
And no physician near ;
When to me the clock's monotonous tick
Sounded like death-knells drear.

I've known what it was to have friends,
When fortune on me smiled ;

But 'twas the friendship that quickly bends —
To another's side beguiled.

I know what it is to have trust
In my Heavenly Father's love ;
And I hope when I die — as I sometime must —
That I'll shine like a star up above.

Boston, August, 1874.

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

How blest are they who never stray
From the narrow path of right,
Who every word of God obey,
And keep their armor bright ;

Who never fear, though dark and drear
The clouds around them lower,
But feel God's presence always near,
And trust him every hour ;

Who never fret, or angry get,
At troubles here below,
But in faith and trust examples set,
And each day better grow ;

Who are not appalled at Death's dread call,
But part to meet above,
Making the Lord their all in all,
And relying on his love.

Boston, July, 1874

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

In a quaint old cemetery,
Shaded by many a noble pine,
Where the birds sing blithe and merry,
Where roses bloom and myrtles twine.
My attention is called to one green mound
In all that beautiful burying ground ;
And I tearfully bend, with awe profound,
Over my father's grave.

Many a season has come and gone
Since I last bent above this spot,
And while the years have sped swiftly on,
Both strange and varied has been my lot ;
I who was then a timid lad,
With no kind word to make me glad,
Am now a man, and bending sad
Over my father's grave.

My frail young wife who, a month ago,
Wept over the grave of our darling child,
Allows her tears with mine to flow,
Both unrestrained and undefiled ;
Then culling the flowers that plentifully abound,
We quickly arrange them upon the ground,
And place them tenderly over the mound —
Over my father's grave.

Without is vanity, toil, and strife,
But quiet here reigns supreme ;
Without are all the vexations of life,
But here 'tis all serene ;
And unbidden the query comes up in my mind,
How soon in the future — so undefined —
Shall I be placed among the pines,
Beside my father's grave?

Boston, January, 1875.

SICK-BED REFLECTIONS.

As on my couch the livelong day
I wish the dreary time away,
An inward spirit seems to say,
 “Why wert thou ever born?”
A pang then strikes me like a knife,
When I look back upon my life,
And know that oft, in peace or strife,
 I’ve from my path been drawn.

But then another thought steps in :
“All men are sometimes prone to sin —
So try thy best, and thou shalt win
 The veriest comfort yet ;
Try first thy little home to cheer —
Bring back the smile to the face so dear
That waters thy couch with many a tear
 While thou dost naught but fret.”

“As thou thy bitter cup art draining,
Why make it worse by oft complaining?
But ‘drink ye all’ — leave none remaining —
 Then shalt thou find ease ;

Do the best thou knowest how,
Whether with pen or at the plow —
That if the Shepherd called thee now,
Thou couldst die in peace."

Boston, May, 1874.

THE LITTLE TRAMP.

A little girl lay ill and dying,
In a cellar cold and damp ;
No friends stood round her sad and crying —
She was but a friendless tramp.

She remembered a far off home,
Where, nursed in luxury's lap,
She little dreamed she'd hungry roam,
And die a friendless tramp.

But in death her parents were laid away,
In the grave so chill and cramped,
And she was forced from home to stray,
A poor little friendless tramp.

Hungry and sad she roamed by day,
And of misery deeply drank ;
While ill and dying she only prayed,
" Saviour, take the little tramp."

Then there came an angel bright,
Holding in his hand a shining lamp,
Sent from Christ that stormy night,
To bear aloft the friendless tramp.

And there they found her, still and dead,
'Midst noisome vermin and odors rank ;
Spectators looked, and simply said :
"Only a little friendless tramp."

But on that head a hand was placed,
A tear on that brow was stamped,
And a lady, kissing that angel face,
Said : "God has taken His little tramp."

Yes, God had sent His servant Death
To that cellar, cold and damp,
And the soul was taken, the body left,
Of that poor little friendless tramp. •

Westboro', September, 1874.



ROLAND OF ALGERNON.

I.

THE WESTERN BIVOUAC.

Our Western camp-fire, all aglow,
Surrounded was by high and low,
And songs were sung in rhyme ;
For often in our bivouac
Strange tales were told and jokes were cracked,
To pass away the time.

“Whose turn is next,” a voice exclaimed,
“To story tell, or speech declaim,
Until the corporal’s call
Shall from our dreams of youth and beauty
Rouse us to go on picket duty,
And there perhaps to fall?”

• A murmur rose among us there,
Each claiming he had done his share

In song or story-telling ;
And we declared, the circle round,
That all had done their duty brown
But Gerald Dale, of Reading.

"Where's Sergeant Dale?" was cried aloud ;
And up we sprang and searched about
To find our comrade Gerald.
We found the veteran in his tent,
His knapsack open, and moist eyes bent
Upon a time-worn *Herald*.

We pressed the Sergeant hard and long,
We soldiers brave and soldiers strong,
To join us in our fun ;
But Gerald shook his head of gray,
And bade us to our comrades say,
"Of stories I've but one !

"I once of yarns could spin a few,
Of things I'd seen and men I knew,
That might provoke a smile ;
But now my stories all are old,
Save one — which I have never told
To leisure hour beguile."

"But, comrade brave," quoth Private Ladd,
"Repeat to us this story sad,

And we'll your sorrow share ;
For all must have their troubles,
And some they come in doubles —
So drive away your care."

'Twas all in vain, the Sergeant found,
To disappoint the soldiers round,
So he at last consented ;
And at the fire there gathered then,
Full five-and-seventy hardy men,
On whom so much depended.

Not one of all the seventy-five
Had ever heard of the Sergeant's life,
About which he'd never spoken ;
So when he bowed his head, so hoary,
And condescended to tell a story —
Our silence remained unbroken.

He first from his side his canteen brought,
And after partaking of a cooling draught,
He prepared to tell his tale ;
We forgot that the red man prowled around,
As each soldier listened, with interest profound,
To the story of Sergeant Dale.

II.

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

“Didst ever hear, my boys, of Duncan —
Not he whom years ago bore truncheon,
That Scottish chief of brawn:
But Roland Duncan, bold and true —
Who wore for years our colors blue,
And died at Algernon?

“What say you — never heard his name?
Then, boys, your cheeks should blush with shame,
That one so late a hero —
Who in his death, and in his gore,
Preserved the lives of hundreds more —
Should now be but a zero!

“Then listen, boys, and mark me well,
While I to you a story tell
Of one to manor born;
Who fought in battles full a score,
As bravely as a knight of yore —
Then died at Algernon.

“But perhaps, my boys, ’twould suit you best,
That I should first for a short time rest

Upon my younger days ;
So hoping that my yarn you will not find dry,
I'll tell you a story — without a lie —
Which perhaps will keep you awake.

“ Well, I was born in old Kentucky,
Where my father, strong and plucky,
Had settled down for life,
After clearing a tract of twenty acres,
Full fifteen miles from any neighbors,
And taking there his wife.

“ My boyhood's days were joy supreme,
Roaming the woods with Emogene —
My sister, young and airy,
Whom the Indians, who often saw her,
Called the ‘ Smile Upon the Waters,’
And the white men called ‘ The Fairy.’

“ In summer time we culled the flowers
That grew among the woodland bowers,
And twining garlands bright,
We crowned ourselves, with shouts of glee,
As the fairy king and fairy queen
Over everything in sight.

“ Then as we attained to riper years,
Our associations were just as dear

As in our childish days ;
At the age of twenty, through the country round,
I'd gained as a hunter much renown
For one so young in age.

" A kinder father ne'er was met —
A better mother ne'er drew breath,
Than were my parents dear ;
No lovelier girl was ever seen
Than my sweet sister Emogene,
And none of us thought of fear.

" But murder and rapine were rife,
And any man who valued life
The strictest guard must keep ;
For the Indians were on the rampage,
Ever ready to take advantage
Should the white man chance to sleep.

III.

THE HOME LAID WASTE.

" One night, while coming home from hunting,
I was startled by war-hoops loud and stunning,
Followed by a sudden gleam ;
Then the crack of father's rifle,
And my mother's cry, half-stifled,
Preceded a shriek from Emogene.

“With a pain about my heart
As if smitten with a dart,
 I heard those cruel sounds ;
Then I clutched my gun more firmly,
And drawing my knife — I sternly
 Prepared to meet the hounds.

“But when I reached my home in anguish,
Every living thing had vanished
 As if smitten by a curse ;
While naught remained to tell the story
But my parents bodies gory,
 And a pile of smouldering earth.

“The murderers, however, did not care
To kill my sister, young and fair,
 For their chief, wild Panther Eye,
Had sworn that she must grace his lodge,
As his bride or as his dog —
 For that was redskin style.

“I stopped to neither weep nor wail,
But like a bloodhound on the trail
 I tracked them day and night ;
The party numbered only nine,
So I bided well my time,
 Waiting but a chance to fight.

“As the stealthy panther tracks his prey,
So I followed them night and day,
Till I at last a chance espied :
The guard at his post was fast asleep,
And it took me but a moment to on him creep,
And plunge my knife in his side.

“Then I tomahawked four of them as they lay,
But the next one somehow happened to wake
With a whoop that could be heard a mile ;
It happened to be his own death-knell,
But the others came up, of course, with a yell —
And foremost was Panther Eye.

“He had just time to raise his blade,
And give my ear an ugly graze,
That nearly that organ severed,
When I gave him a gash just 'bove his eye
That caused him the most intense surprise,
And spoiled his beauty forever.

“Then the cowardly reptile turned and fled,
Leaving the two remaining Reds
To send me to the happy land ;
But if they thought I was going to ‘knock under,’
That’s where they made a fearful blunder,
For ‘I wa’nt that kind of a man.’

“ I sliced up one, and the other I brained,
And was sorry there hadn't more remained,
For I took to the work with zest.
But my sister ! where all the time was she ?
I found her securely bound to a tree,
With the life-blood flowing from her breast.

“ The treacherous chief had just had time
To add to his enormous list of crime
This most inhuman revenge ;
She spoke my name, then gasped and died,
And I was left in this world so wide,
Alone, and without a friend.

“ My eyes were dry — I could not weep —
I tried to think that she was asleep,
Instead of cruelly slain ;
But, morning coming, I dressed my wounds,
And among the rocks prepared a tomb
For my sister's loved remains.

“ And I uttered a vow o'er her open grave,
Which vow is as fresh in my mind to-day
As when I breathed it then :
I swore I'd no more rest in peace
Till I'd caught the cowardly Indian chief,
And brought his life to an end.

“ For three long years I followed the trail,
And caused many an Indian squaw to wail
For the warrior that never came back ;
But though I scoured the prairie for mile on mile,
I never could draw bead on Panther Eye,
And at last I lost his track.

“ But a party of trappers who came in one day,
Brought news of a recent midnight affray
With a band of prowling Reds ;
And said that the chief, who was shot in the fight,
And who died like a dog that very night,
Was the Panther Eye — once dread.

“ So from that time I gave up all thought
Of the murderer I so long had sought,
And who had escaped me at last ;
And wishing to change my mode of life,
I left the prairie, with its blood and strife,
And tried to forget the past.”

IV.

ROLAND OF ALGERNON.

“ ’Twas long years after, when I’d older grown,
Through a little village I was wandering, slow,
Hungry — footsore — sad ;
Passing near a swollen stream,
I suddenly heard a woman’s scream,
And also the call of a lad.

“ I saw, far off, the keel of a dory,
And another cry soon told the story —
There was need of my assistance.
I kicked my shoes high into air,
Threw off my coat, and, muttering a prayer,
Was ready to start in an instant.

“ I soon was swimming with a steady stroke,
Making for my goal the upturned boat,
Which soon came plainly in sight ;
It seemed that a youth and his widowed mother
Were crossing the river, when, for some cause or
other,
The boat, which was cranky, capsized.

“ One arm the youth had round his mother thrown,
While with the other he was manfully holding his
own

'Gainst the current, which was swiftly running ;
But the boy he was strong, and held out well,
And as soon as I could I broke out in a yell,
To show him that help was coming.

"I very soon gave him a chance to take breath,
Then by dint of hard labor, and many a rest,
A rescue for them both I enacted ;
Then I returned with the two to their cottage
bright,
Where for three long weeks I raved, day and
night,
With a fever I that day contracted.

"They were then to me like guardian angels,
Never leaving my bed till I was out of danger,
And then would not let me go ;
They begged me to stay, and with them share
A brother's love and a mother's care,
And I could not answer no !

"I soon learned to call the lady 'mother,'
And was only too glad to call Roland 'brother,'
Who was the gayest of the gay ;
His surname, Duncan, was proudly borne
By some of the bravest men of yore —
Among the Scottish braes.

“ Among the sick he was sympathetic —
Among the boys he was most athletic,
And a pet with all the girls ;
While there was not a man in all the town
But would have knocked another down
Had an insult on Roland been hurled.

“ I, the wanderer, found a haven at last,
And in my happiness forgot the past,
Which seemed to me like a dream ;
I forgot the home I loved when a child,
I forgot the murderer, Panther Eye,
And even lost Emogene.

“ A brother could never have been dearer to me
Than was Roland — so wild, so reckless and free —
And we were together from morn till night ;
We fished and hunted side by side,
Horseback and in boats we raced with pride,
While our lives were joyous and bright.

V.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

“But we got tired of being always at home,
And would often leave it for months to roam,
Out here in the far, far West.

We met with adventures every day,
Often fighting with Indians on the way,
And we loved that wild life best.

“In one of our scrimmages with the cowardly
Reds,

A brawny chief, with a plume-bedecked head,
I caught sight of with a thrill of delight.
I'd have sworn 'twas my most inveterate foe,
Panther Eye, alive — or Panther Eye's ghost —
In the thickest of that midnight fight.

“But though I rushed with headlong haste

To where I saw the mysterious face,

Its owner had suddenly fled.

I began to think that I'd been told a lie,
And that my sister's murderer was still alive,
When I had supposed him dead.

“But whether flesh or whether ghost,
I lost all sight, from that time forth,

Of that fierce, vindictive face.
We learned every foot of the bleak Sierras,
And accustomed ourselves to the roughest weather,
In roaming from place to place.

“Then we heard the Mexicans were mischief
doing,
And that along the border a war was brewing,
So we wanted a hand in the pie.
We joined a troop of Texas Rangers,
And 'twas then we led a life of danger,
That pleased both he and I.

“Now we had used both revolver and knife,
And with the rifle we could drive
A nail at forty yards ;
The sword was to us a very toy,
To play with, or to life destroy,
If ever driven hard.

“When the Rangers found us so strong and
alert,
And with the use of weapons so very expert,
Always ready for a rampage,
Roland was soon a Captain made,
While I was styled Lieutenant Dale —
Then we did some damage.

“What with the Greasers raising a breeze,
Then chasing the bloody Comanches,
Then some sneaking horse-thief lynching,
We led a wild and jolly life,
Not a day passing without some strife,
Always facing death without flinching.

“Roland fought three duels while leading this
band,
In which he each time conquered ‘his man,’
While I was second in the strife.
With a Mexican Don he first crossed steel,
But ‘forced his opponent soon to kneel,
And beg for his worthless life.

“His second adversary was a Colonel Bute,
Who in the army had gained repute
As a swordsman of grace and skill ;
To boast of his deeds was his sole delight ;
But before the sun went down that night,
His boastful tongue was still.

“The third was Count Cozco (of no account),
Of a Castilian family much renowned,
Who was a duellist of wondrous power ;
He was a low lived, deep-dyed villain,
Who would murder his mother for a shilling,
And get drunk on the same in an hour.

“ He pretended to think of Roland a heap,
But his friendship was shallow, his deviltry deep,
While Roland real friendship returned ;
But at last we succeeded in his character reading —
For the Mexican Government he was busily in-
triguing,
So as soon as this Roland learned.

“ He went to the Count’s quarters that very day,
And publicly slapped the scoundrel’s face ;
Then, of course, there followed a duel.
Now the Count, you see, on foul play reckoned,
And approaching me, as Roland’s second,
Offered me a costly jewel

“ If I would commit a crime most rank,
And instead of a cartridge place a blank
When I loaded Roland’s ‘ Colt ; ’
Then I knocked the rascal black and blue,
And swore that I would fight him, too,
If Roland but left him whole.

“ But he didn’t ask for my retraction,
And soon got plenty of satisfaction,
With a bullet through his lung ;
Then things grew quiet on the border,
For we’d driven out every Mexican marauder,
And every horse-thief hung.

“As no more was wanted of our command,
’Twas voted that we at once disband ;
 So, bidding our comrades adieu,
We started off, with laughter gay,
And soon, at the close of a summer day,
 Our home came again in view.

VI.

PEACE.

“Our mother met us with tears of joy,
And royally welcomed home ‘her boys,’
 With smiles most sweet and winning ;
Then the months passed swiftly by
With dear old mother, Roland and I —
 The happiest trio living.

“When we first came home we had jointly bought
Real estate, and herds and flocks,
 And took pleasure in tilling the land.
Success attended us beyond our dreams,
And we soon were rich — or ‘men of means,’
 As we were styled on every hand.

“I coveted neither wealth nor station,
And all I cared for in the wide creation

Was Roland and his mother.
I loved the former as I loved my life,
And nothing caused me such joy and pride,
As to have him call me brother.

“Old men they talked and women prated,
That two like us — so strange ill-mated —
Should ever have been friends ;
But together we'd been in peace and strife,
And together we'd stay throughout our lives,
Even to the bitter end.

“Now love between a man and wife
Is nothing strange — in fact, 'tis life
That they should love each other ;
But when, through strange associations,
Two men are brought into tender relations,
'Tis an affection that naught can smother.

“And thus it was with us, my boys —
We shared our sorrows as well as joys,
Till our thoughts all seemed to blend ;
If we were forced to be for one day parted,
We both were lonely and heavy-hearted
Until we met again.

“For days we roamed with baited hooks
Along the running, rippling brooks,

With little thought of care ;
While anon we tracked with noiseless stride
And shouldered guns, the forest wild —
Startling the timid hare.

“ But pleasant dreams must have an end,
As the best-laid plans must sometimes bend
To Fate’s more stern decree.
We saw the signs of coming strife,
When bullet would meet bullet, and knife meet
knife,
To make the bondman free.

“ So when, in the year of sixty-one,
As scarce the roar of Charleston’s guns
Had ceased our ears to vibrate,
We just agreed between ourselves
To leave our home and worldly pelf,
And for the scene to migrate.

“ Now, boys, you know I’m old and gruff,
And when in anger fierce and rough,
And never known to cave ;
While Roland was only five-and-twenty,
With handsome face and money plenty,
And true he was and brave.

“ With a mother’s tears and last embraces,
Toward camp we sternly set our faces,

Hoping to soon come back ;
We thought that the North, under Scott's direction,
Would soon put down the insurrection,
That rose so grim and black.

" But soon the camp of the ' Western Blues '
Was all afire with the startling news
Of the firing on the ' Sixth ; '
And we quickly to the South were sent,
Each man of us on mischief bent,
To make those traitors sick.

VII.

W A R.

" We fought together at old Bull Run,
Though just as we began to enjoy the fun,
We prisoners both were taken ;
But soon an exchange was brought about,
And we from prison then came out,
Looking the most forsaken.

" At Ball's Bluff we were side by side,
And near at hand when Baker died —
That Californian, brave.
We then at Drainsville took the track,
Making the Johnnys turn their backs,
And learning them to behave.

“ At Roanoke we stemmed the flood,
And marched through rain and sleet and mud,
Old Burnside's orders keeping ;
And when the nights came on us then,
Thousands of brave and loyal men
All wet and cold lay sleeping.

“ Soon after this we went with glee
To fight with Grant in Tennessee,
And there we made things hum ;
We licked the Rebs at Pittsburg Landing —
Both Grant and Buell then commanding —
And there we just had fun.

“ We next at Corinth made a stand,
And when we'd whipped the Rebel band,
We 'rested on our oars.'
For Vicksburg then we took our route,
With Farragut to help us out —
And who'd have wanted more ?

“ Although of wounds I'd had my share,
And once or twice came near despair
Of ever convalescing,
Not even a scratch could Roland show,
To prove that he had struck a blow,
Our Union's wrongs redressing.

“There seemed a charm about his life,
For always in the heat of strife,
Where brightest flashed the steel,
The bayonet thrust was turned aside —
The bullet from its mark sped wide,
And sword broke 'neath his heel.

“At divers times and divers places,
In that most foolish war of races,
We together took the trail :
From rank and file we both had labored,
And Roland soon was crowned a Major,
While I was Captain Dale.

“But, boys, 'twould take too long to tell
Of battles fought, and men that fell,
Before the war was ended ;
How, in the field or in the tent,
A strange, wild charm to us was lent,
As life and death were blended.

“We marched by day and camped by night,
Stopping now and then to fight,
When foes our pathway blocked.
Our efforts with success were crowned,
And at Petersburg, both safe and sound,
We every danger mocked.

“The war was done, and peace restored,
And cannons through the country roared
The joy-inspiring news ;
Each soldier had his duty done,
And victory for their colors won —
The red, and white, and blue.

“All were with thoughts of home imbued ;
Of friendships soon to be renewed,
In the land where they were born ;
Happy then were all our dreams —
Brighter than the foremost beams
Of the herald of the morn.

“‘Lucky Roland !’ all exclaimed,
And on that day he was proclaimed
Most fortunate of all ;
For had he not unscathed remained,
While some were killed and others maimed,
By bayonet, sword and ball ?

“At last the order came with care :
‘To Algernon at once repair,
And there disbanded be !’
And when we reached our destination,
With joy we heard the declaration :
‘To-night you’ll all be free !’

“I had dreamt of Roland the preceding night,
And my sleep was disturbed from very fright,
For I feared it boded ill :
I plainly saw a fleshless hand
Pointing to Roland its deadly wand,
And its purpose was to kill.

“So I felt that morning a nameless dread,
An awful feeling filled my head
That something dire was coming ;
I even dreaded to unfold
This fearful dream, that seemed to hold
Me in a spell benumbing.

“Full soon the clear-voiced bugle blowed,
And every heart with joy o’erflowed,
For free they soon would be ;
But none with Roland could compare,
His joyous laugh rang everywhere,
His voice was full of glee.

“But I can scarce find words to tell
What on that fatal day befell
One who ne’er feared to die :
So, if you’ll listen, I’ll proceed
To from this scrap of paper read
What no one can belie.”

VIII.

EXTRACT FROM THE HERALD.

“This morning, as the ‘eight’ express,
With soldiers and civilians pressed,
At Algernon was due,
A dreadful death to all impended —
But nobly was this death prevented,
By Duncan of the ‘Blues.’

“All knew the train was heavy-laden
With soldiers, who’d been overtaken
By mishaps on the road ;
One car, at least, they also knew,
Was chartered by civilians, few —
All making a precious load.

“Hundreds had gathered at the station,
For want of other recreation,
Some hoping friends to see ;
And the famous troop of ‘Western Blues,’
Led by Duncan — bold and true —
An escort was to be.

“But a wild report now reached the ears
Of Railroad Agent Alfred Beers,

And thus he spoke with zest :

‘The iron bridge, this side the curve,
Has broken down — *and Heaven preserve*
The eight o’clock express !

“ ‘Up, and away, then, every one,
And quickly to the river run,
And list to my instruction :
He who of runners takes the lead,
Must seize a boat, and make all speed
To quickly reach the junction !

“ ‘And when you reach the double track,
Where both roads meet — a few rods back —
A switch will come in view ;
‘That switch, if turned, will save the train,
And all the souls it must contain —
Which now is almost due !’

“Now Major Duncan — of the ‘Blues’ —
With horror heard the sickening news ;
And when the men dashed past,
He quickly sprang upon the track,
And soon o’ertook the running pack —
Then gained upon them fast.


“He seized from one a signal flag,
And when they, tired, began to lag,

He then the race-horse shamed ;
He vied the wind, and e'en did mock
The minute-hand of the village clock,
That quarter-of-eight proclaimed !

“ Fast and faster the Major flew,
Nearer and nearer the chasm drew,
And the goal that he must gain ;
‘ Heaven give me strength ! ’ he, frantic, cried,
‘ To reach the switch — the bar to slide —
And save this noble train ! ’

“ He stopped for neither boat nor raft,
And even at the thought he laughed,
Not knowing where they laid ;
But, reaching the remnants of the bridge,
That had spanned the river from ridge to ridge,
The boldest leap he made.

“ Down, down he went, full fathoms four,
Then struck out boldly for the shore,
When he to the surface rose ;
But 'twas a heavy task for even him,
And he quickly found his eyes growing dim,
While he swam with weakened stroke.



“ But suddenly a whistle blowed,
And from far above — upon the road —
 Came a noise like distant thunder ;
At that dread sound, he, in despair,
Brought every nerve and cord to bear,
 ’Most straining limbs asunder.

“ He reached the shore, though twice he sank,
And staggered wildly up the bank,
 Amid the sun’s fierce glare ;
With many a fall he reached the top —
But not an instant did he stop —
 He had no time to spare !

“ For full in sight the dread express,
At forty miles an hour, or less,
 Was coming round the curve ;
The train was fast full minutes five,
And soon must make the fearful dive,
 Unless its course was swerved.

“ But horror ! On his right, a sound
Now made his heart with anguish bound ;
 For just beyond the ditch —
Upon the Branch — was coming fast
Another train, that soon must pass
 Between him and the switch !

“ He fiercely sprang the turbid ditch —
But two rods farther stood the switch —
 ‘ So near, and yet so far ! ’
He ne’er could reach that switch unharmed,
But he, by danger ne’er alarmed,
 Saw but that iron bar !

“ Loudly then the whistle blew —
To their brakes the brakemen flew —
 Though all in vain the warning !
Fast and faster the bell now rang,
But with a prayer bold Roland sprang,
 All thought of danger scorning.

“ A sickening thud — a stifled groan —
A human being rudely thrown
 Across an iron spar !
His prayer was answered — all he asked
Was that he might that bolt unclasp,
 And clutch that potent bar.

“ His strong right arm was yet unmaimed —
He with that arm the bolt unchained,
 Then on his knees he sank ;
For now his strength was going fast —
But with one strong and deathlike grasp
 He turned the grating crank !

“With deafening roar, but safe and sound,
The lightning train a haven found —
On a side track, seldom used ;
But all unconscious Roland lay,
Until his comrades — led by Dale —
Found him torn and bruised.

“Faint and mangled — bleeding, torn —
Duncan was by comrades borne
To a grove near by ;
Gently there they laid him down,
While with tears they gathered round,
There to see him die !”

IX.

ROLAND'S DEATH.

“But, boys, this extract here is blurred,
And though I would have much preferred
To read, than tell, the story,
Yet now I must to memory turn,
And you, if patient, soon shall learn
Of Roland's death and glory :

“Scarce half an hour had intervened,
Before we from the Surgeon gleaned

The fact that he must die.
He heard the Surgeon's declaration,
And realized his situation,
Then called me closer by.

" 'Gerald, old boy,' he murmured low,
With labored accent, hard and slow —
 'How about the train?'
'Down the Branch,' said I, 'the iron steed
Has whirled the train with lightning speed,
And there it now remains!'

" 'Then go,' he said, 'with greatest haste,
And bring me word if all are safe,
 Then I shall happy be!
But, 'fore you go, dear friend and chum,
Bend closer down — nor look so glum —
 A message I've for thee.

" 'The Surgeon says I cannot live
Another hour — though the world I'd give
 If well I again could be;
And if you're on this errand long,
I may be dead, or reason gone,
 When you come back to me.

" 'I would love to see mother, there's no denying,
But 'twould kill her to see me thus mangled and
 dying,

In sight of my boyhood's home ;
So let her not know what's befallen me,
Till from cruel pain I'm ever free,
And my soul to its God has flown.

“ ‘ But now this message bear in mind,
And when you soon dear mother find,
Tell her I've gone to rest ;
Tell her I thought the world of her,
And when death caused my eyes to blur,
Her name I, dying, blessed.’ ”

“ I hastened off with tearful eye,
Praying to God that I might die,
In place of my foster brother ;
I found all safe aboard the train,
And when I told him, he gleefully exclaimed,
‘ Thank God ! I die for others ? ’ ”

“ But how could I see Roland die —
He whom I loved e'en more than life ?
The thought 'most made me rave.
In another hour we were to have met our mother,
And should I go home without my brother,
'Twould bear her down to her grave.

“ I thought of the future — now o'ercast —
I thought of the good times we had passed —

Roland, mother and I ;
Then I sauntered off to a mossy rock,
Away from the sound of my comrades' talk,
And there sat down and cried.

“Alas ! that he who'd won renown
In oft-times facing the cannon's mouth,
Without a scratch or scar,
Should now be called to bleed and die,
When every shot and battle-cry
Had ceased our ears to jar !

“But a voice soon pierced me through and
through :
‘He's going fast, and calls for you !’ —
I stopped to hear no more.
He seized my hand in a dying grasp,
And with labored breathing, and many a gasp,
He bade me, o'er and o'er :

“‘Take care of mother. Heaven bless you,
Dale,’
And then his breathing seemed to fail,
And the boys all groaned aloud ;
We feared he'd gone, as his eyes were closed,
But soon he smiled as in sweet repose,
And to his lips we bowed :

“ ‘Gerald,’ said he, ‘I hear the breeze
Of angel wings, amid the trees —

And I must quickly go !’

And he stopped, and seemed in pain,
Then, smiling, ope’d his eyes again,
All present bending low.

“ ‘Give dearest mother my dying love,
And tell her that in the home above

We’ll meet in that glad day ;

Brave boys, good-bye — I’m going fast —

Be true, brother Gerald, e’en to the last,

And walk in the narrow way !’

“Then he clasped my hand in a deathly clasp,
And gave one long and feeble gasp,

Lying ’neath those weeping willows —

‘Good-bye, Gerald — good-bye, old boy —

Meet me above, where all is joy —

I’m stemming the billows — billows — billows !’

“Poor Roland had passed the darksome river,
His soul had returned to its Heavenly Giver,

Leaving his body dead and cold ;

The boys couldn’t realize that he had gone,

Until I called them — all forlorn —

And to them the tidings told.

“ ‘Thy will be done,’ I murmured low,
While I gently unclasped his hand of snow,
 ‘On earth as ’tis in heaven ;
Till up above — on golden street —
I face to face brave Roland meet,
 Where bonds are never riven.’

“ ‘Twas to the regiment a sad, sad morn,
When first ’twas told by Colonel Vaughn —
 ‘Our Roland is no more !’
And muffled were the drums that beat
For many a day upon the street
 Where Roland won his lore.

“ We buried him, boys, on the spot he died,
In the ground that his blood had purified —
 Shed in a cause so grand ;
These lines are graven on the pure white stone
That o’er his grave, in majesty — and alone —
 A silent sentinel stands :

“ ‘ Here Major Roland Duncan died,
Who, while saving others, death defied,
 And nobly, bravely perished ;
In this hallowed spot this grave contains
All that now on earth remains
 Of one who was fondly cherished !’

X.

ALONE.

“The sad news came like a bolt of death
To our aged mother, thus bereft
Of him she loved so dear ;
So that in one short week I was forced to part
With the remaining link that bound my heart
To a world so cold and drear.

“The cottage door, which so oft had opened
To many a wanderer, tired, heart-broken,
Was shut to every knock ;
The blinds, which had always open been,
Showing the happiness that reigned within,
Were closed and firmly locked.

“I roamed the fields and woods alone,
Often repressing a heavy groan,
As I passed many old-time haunts
Where Roland and I, long years before,
Had planned bright trips to foreign shores —
To Italy, Spain and France.

“The violets that to me seemed once so bright,
Had lost the power to please my sight,

And, heedless, I passed them over ;
The roses that once filled with fragrance the air,
Seemed suddenly withered, and not half so fair
As I once thought even the clover.

“ ’Tis a terrible thing to be alone,
And ’tis a feeling that’s seldom really known
By those who’ve most misery seen ;
But had I been wrecked on a desolate isle,
With no living creature for mile on mile,
I’d have not been more lonely, I ween.

“ I first grew peevish, morose and odd,
And vowed I’d been forsaken of God,
And also forgotten by man ;
But as the months went past I took some pleasure
Helping the sick and poor, till in a measure
O’er my mind a change began.

“ I saw that crime stalked through the land —
I saw that disease was on every hand,
And determined on thenceforth trying
To feed the hungry — clothe the cold —
Encourage the young — protect the old —
And watch with the sick and dying.

“ I had no wife, no child, no friend,
With whom while living to share my wealth,

Or to mourn when I should die ;
So I divided my substance with the worthy poor,
Allowing no thought of myself to lure
My attention from the humble in life.

“ Then I felt that God was great and wise,
In taking to him, above the skies,
The treasures that bound me to the earth ;
For had my circle remained always bright,
I might, through that, have lost all sight
Of a home of far greater worth.

“ And thus the years they came and went,
Till my hair turned gray, and my form grew bent,
But the change I noticed not ;
I had no thought in my earthly race,
But to prepare myself for a better place —
And for this I daily sought.

XI.

AGAIN ON THE TRAIL.

“ But a piece of news now reached my ears,
That made me young again, and fierce,
And gave me work to do :
My hated foe, old Panther Eye,
Instead of dead, was still alive —
So I again to my weapons flew.

“A sturdy trapper, fresh from the West,
Was the cause of my starting on this ruthless
quest,

With a vow of vengeance on my tongue :
He was telling of his strange, hair-breadth escapes
To a crowd, who stood with mouths agape,
Marvelling at the deeds he'd done.

“Now, as I had travelled the West for years,
Oft shooting at larger game than deer,
I stopped as I was passing by,
And asked the trapper if, on the trail,
He'd ever heard of an Indian brave,
Whom the whites called Panther Eye.

“There had always a doubt in my mind remained
Whether or no the wretch had been slain,
As to me it had been reported ;
But when, to my surprise, the trapper maintained
That Panther Eye, *alive*, still roamed the plains,
I nearly with rage exploded.

“I loaded my rifle, and ground my knife,
And looked upon it as the work of my life
To avenge my murdered kin ;
I roamed the plains for month on month,
But I only caught sight of Panther Eye once,
And then he fled like the wind.

“Then I thought that perhaps I’d meet my man
By joining the army of Uncle Sam —

So I was soon in this troop enrolled ;
For ’tis easier far to draw one’s rations,
Than ’tis to hunt over all creation,
And then go hungry and cold.

“Not caring a jot for martial fame,
I simply enrolled myself and name
Without my experience telling ;
So I, who once had Captain been,
Was again a third time mustered in
As Sergeant Dale of Reading.

“Now, boys, if you meet one of the Indian race,
With a purple mark across his face,
Just leave him whole for me ;
For I’ve sworn that this, my bowie knife,
Shall end the coward murderer’s life,
And you shall my vengeance see.

“You’ve thought it strange, these chilly nights,
When you’ve huddled round your camp-fire, bright,
And sung your wildest songs,
Why I took no pleasure in your idle chaff,
Nor entered into the joyous laugh,
That to me did not belong.

“But, boys, my happy days have flown,
And a smile on my face has been unknowr
 Since the day that Roland died ;
But I’m glad to see you blithe and gay,
And trust you may never see the day
 That your happiness shall be dashed aside.

“And if Death should wish to lay his hand
On some one of the members of this little band,
 I trust that he’ll first take me ;
For if the bullet on me will spend itself,
That would have been destined for some one else,
 Why, I then would happy be.

“To be sure, I sha’n’t feel that my work is done
Till Panther Eye’s race of life is run ;
 But if I die without fulfilling my vow,
Why, ’twill all be the same a hundred years hence,
And come life or come death, I’ll still be content
 Before the will of a just God to bow.

“Now, boys, I’ve told the simple tale,
In homely style, and language plain,
 Of a noble, manly act ;
I’ve also told you of a soldier’s sorrow, —
But I now must cease, for on the morrow
 I fancy we’ll have an attack.”

XII.

THE MIDNIGHT SORTIE.

Each soldier the Sergeant's sorrow shared,
And no sound was heard on the midnight air,
Save the sentinel's lonely pace ;
While Dale, with head low bent upon his breast,
And both hands tightly to his forehead pressed,
Stared vacantly into space.

But calms oft times fierce storms presage,
And enemies in battle oft engage,
With scarce a moment's warning ;
So thus it was on this fatal night—
We were suddenly roused by a cry of fright,
And the sound as of bodies falling.

The sentinels' cries from east and west,
With the crack of rifles, told the rest —
The Indians were upon our pickets.
The Sergeant was first upon his feet,
His rifle in hand — his knife 'tween his teeth —
And bounding toward the nearest thicket.

Then round our camp-fire's lurid glare
Curses and groans soon rent the air,

And war-whoops loud were ringing ;
But soon above the white man's wail,
Full many a warrior on the trail
His death-song was weirdly singing.

Like the sudden bursting of the thunder-cloud
That for a short time deluges the country round,
And as quickly passes away,
So suddenly did our fighting cease,
And in one short hour a hard-earned peace
Succeeded the deadly fray.

But now and then a bitter groan,
And now and then a feeble moan,
Was echoed o'er and o'er ;
And when morning came, so grim and cold,
There were many unanswered names on the roll,
That were responded to the day before.

When the name was called of Sergeant Dale,
We all were startled by a feeble wail,
From out a tangled thicket ;
We hastened to the spot, and there beheld
The form of him we loved so well,
By the inner line of pickets.

The blood was oozing from his mouth —
A frightful gash was on his brow —

And beside him a tomahawk lay ;
There was also a knife-thrust in his chest,
While a bullet had, among the rest,
Marked our hero for its prey.

Six hideous Reds — divest of life —
All bore the mark of his bowie-knife,
And lay in a ghastly pile ;
While the topmost one, I saw with horror,
Had a purple mark across his forehead —
'Twas the Sergeant's enemy — Panther Eye !

The murderer had met his just deserts,
And now lay mangled and inert,
A lump of lifeless clay,
From whom the soldiers — fierce and strong —
Who'd fain approach to look upon,
Would, shuddering, turn away.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

We thought Dale dead, but a feeble gasp
Told us that although he was going fast,
Yet the vital spark remained ;
So we bore him slowly into camp,
His blue eyes giving us many a thank —
And soon his speech he regained.

It seemed that, lying so deathly cold,
He'd heard his name called on the roll,
And had answered as best he could ;
So when now the roll was commenced again,
He looked up quickly, and said to the men,
Who round him sadly stood :

" 'Tis the last roll-call I'll hear on earth,
But I'm going to fill another berth,
Where songs are ever swelling ;
I can even now hear the tap of the drum,
And my Master soon to the name will come
Of Sergeant Dale of Reading.

" And the moment my name is called from the
roll,
I'll answer ' Here ! ' with all my soul,
That it may ring from vale to vale ;
Then Roland will say to all around :
' Methinks I hear the voice resound
Of my comrade Gerald Dale ! ' "

At this point he was suddenly choked with pain,
While his wounds commenced freely bleeding
again,

And his breathing was slow and labored ;
Then recovering himself, he cheerily said :
" Bring my knapsack, boys, and raise my head,
For I wish to ask a favor."

A roll of bills he took from thence,
And equally divided among the men,
Then simply said to us :
“ Now a favor, boys, you’ll not deny —
’Tis to bury me near where Roland lies,
When I’m consigned to the dust.”

We promised to comply with his request,
Whereat he placed his mind at rest,
And peacefully closed his eyes ;
Then his thoughts seemed to wander back to the
past —
A sign that his life was ebbing fast,
And that he could last but a little while.

First he’d murmur the name of Emogene,
And then he’d speak of the cowardly fiend
That he killed the night before ;
Then he’d think he was again in the heat of battle,
And would start as though he heard the musket’s
rattle,
And the cannon’s deafening roar.

But he at last, for a moment, his reason regained,
And said, as his eyes he upward strained :
“ Methinks I hear voices humming ! ”
Then suddenly he sprang as if from a dream,
And with the happiest laugh he shouted with glee :
“ I’m coming — Roland — coming ! ”

'Twas over ! These words were his last ;
Without a struggle he the river had passed,
And was now on the other shore.
Then we remembered the favor he asked when
alive,
To bury his body by Roland's side,
When his earthly work was o'er.

So we enveloped him all in his coat of blue,
And shed many a tear for the bold and true,
Who to Algernon was borne ;
We there the grave of Roland espied,
And digging another, close beside,
We into it the Sergeant lowered.

Then we placed a tablet at his head,
Whose plain inscription simply read :
" In memory of Sergeant Dale ! "
Thus the heroes both together rest,
In that beautiful town of the far-off West,
Awaiting the Judgment Day.

O'er their graves the flowers are springing,
In the trees the birds are singing,
Sweetly as of old ;
Little children softly tread
Past those graves of honored dead,
And sweet communion hold.

Hark ! 'Tis the echo of the Old South clock,
Reminding me that I must no longer talk,
And that my story must have an ending ;
So with an "*Au revoir*" I'll cease my song
Of Roland, bold, of Algernon,
And Sergeant Dale of Reading.

April 1, 1874—April 1, 1875.



MY BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

My boyhood's days I can ne'er forget,
When I roamed so wild and free,
And boyish thoughts cling to me yet,
As back in the past I see —
My father's house, with blinds of green,
And gable roof — a home, I ween,
Whose equal could not for leagues be seen —
Or so it seemed to me.

My boyhood's days — how strange they seem now,
Like dreams of the happy past,
When I guided the horse for father to plow,
And answered the dinner-horn's blast!
There's the blacksmith's shop, with its creaking
bellows,
And beyond is the school-house, painted yellow,
While close beside it stands the weeping willow —
All gone from my sight — alas!

My boyhood's days were happy days —
Oh, how they come back to mind!
When my dear mother sang to the whippoorwill's
lays,
Strange songs of the olden time ;

And when bed-time came, tired out with play,
How in our little beds we were stowed away
By mother, who taught us each night to pray,
Before kissing us her fond good-night.

My boyhood's days — how I laid 'neath the trees,
And watched the clouds out of sight,
And when father came home, how I climbed on
his knees,
And hung to his neck with delight !
Then how I would tease him his boy to please,
By telling his adventures far over the seas,
'Most making my young blood with horror to freeze,
While his story was at its height.

My boyhood's days, and my boyhood's home,
In truth so far — in dreams so near —
Must I ever a stranger and an exile roam,
In a world so cold and drear ?
Shall I no more call that sweet home mine ?
Shall I no more trim the trailing vine ?
And no more watch the roses twine,
Around that homestead dear ?

My boyhood's days — so far, far back,
Like echoes of a distant chime,
Shed a halo of light round my gloomy track —
So far from my native clime.

Those happy days will never return —
I've gradually stepped into a life more stern ;
Oh ! would that boys could ever learn
That youth is the happiest time !

Boston, August, 1874.

THE GABLE-ROOFED HOUSE.

A SONG.

The willow still bends to the breeze,
And the oriole builds 'neath its boughs,
We still hear the shouts of children in glee,
In front of the gable-roofed house.

Chorus.

The dear old house — the gable-roofed house,
Where my childhood passed joyous and free,
Can I ever forget those bright, happy hours,
When I lay 'neath the old willow tree ?

The well, with its old-fashioned sweep,
Never looked more inviting than now ;
How often I've lain down beside it to sleep,
But a rod from the gable-roofed house.

Chorus.

The barn, with its rude wooden vane,
And old-fashioned hay-laden mows,
Of course shows signs of age and decay,
But still stands by the gable-roofed house.

Chorus.

The hogs still squeal in their pens,
And make a most fearful catouse ;
And if it wa'n't for the turkeys and hens,
You'd forget 'twas the gable-roofed house.

Chorus.

But I must stop writing, and hurry to tea,
And stop on the way for the cows,
As I hear the sweet voice of my wife calling me,
From the door of the gable-roofed house.

Chorus.

Westboro', September, 1874.

IMPROMPTU.

As the twilight shadows lengthen,
And darken our cottage floor —
As saddened moments strengthen
Memories of days of yore —

As summer gives place to fall,
And after that the winter —
As the ball but precedes the pall,
And sweet but precedes the bitter —

As the sapling, tall and slender,
Is soon a blighted tree —
As the rose-bud, sweet and tender,
Soon shows a withered leaf —

As the tiny drops of rain
Help swell the mighty ocean —
As shadows of pain rise o'er the main,
And each day brings its portion —
So, silently, our time glides on —
Age treading on the heels of youth ;
Bright hopes are born with the early dawn,
But night brings sufferings new.

TO A HELIOTROPE.

SENT FROM A FAR-AWAY HOME TO MY SICK-ROOM.

All hail, thou flower of sweet perfume !
Welcome to my sick room drear ;
In the darkness and the gloom,
Thou dryest the homesick tear.

Welcome, little modest flower !
Thou shalt in my window stand ;
And thus we'll make my room a bower,
With fragrance on every hand.

Welcome, my own sweet heliotrope,
From the home I hold so dear ;
Thy presence makes me gather hope,
And drives away my fear.

Little, tender, purple gem —
More welcome than a dower ;
Precious as a diadem,
And only a timid flower !

Boston, May, 1874.

LEND A HAND.

Give me the man that lends a hand,
To help his fellow-creatures ;
May his days be long upon the land,
And want ne'er pinch his features.

Those who profess do always less
Than those who say but little ;
The first will sermons on you press,
While the second gives you victuals.

Oh, what a curse is a well-filled purse,
In the pocket of a miser !
He'd let a fellow die of thirst,
Before he'd lend a stiver.

Rich man, do you think to carry your chink
To the land beyond the grave ?
When on the brink, those golden links
You'll find you cannot save.

ROLL, BILLOWS, ROLL!

Roll, billows, roll,
On your stormy way ;
Toll, curfew, toll
The knell of parting day.

Wake, mariner, wake,
And guard against the storm ;
Make, felon, make
An effort to reform.

Toil, laborer, toil,
While loud the thunders mutter ;
Boil, kettle, boil,
And hasten on the supper.

Tramp, soldier, tramp,
Toward your destination ;
Camp, soldier, camp,
For rest and recreation.

Wait, drunkard, wait,
Or onward yawns thy tomb ;
"Too late, sot, too late,"
Was ever the drunkard's doom.

ALL I ASK.

I would not ask for Astor's wealth,
To make me happy here ;
But the blacksmith's strength and the farmer's
health,
Are things that I prize more dear.
Another thing I'd wish for mine
Is a little cottage, with a garden fine —
A little arbor where roses twine,
And none but my household near.

I'd like to have a tiny brook
Running near my house,
Where I could go with baited hook,
And fish for spotted trout ;
I'd like a horse to sit astride,
And also a carriage in which to ride,
With those I love close by my side —
The happiest mortal out !

I'd like a fowling-piece and rifle,
And a lively hunter's hound —
And I'd be willing to bet a trifle,
There soon would game be found.

My house should boast a library rare,
With which few others could compare ;
And free from strife, I'd hide me there,
Where knowledge did abound.

But, 'bove all else, give me content,
Whatever be my lot ;
For there's naught to my mind more evident
Than the blessings it has brought.
I'd rather be by ravens fed —
I'd rather live on a crust of bread,
Than lose content ; for, as I've said,
'Tis a gem that can't be bought.

Boston, August, 1874.

PATTERING LITTLE FEET.

Little feet go patter, patter,
Up and down the hall ;
A little tongue goes chatter, chatter,
While it plays with its china doll.
How I love the blessed sound
Of little footsteps pattering round !
And how my heart with joy rebounds
At every childish call !

Little feet go patter, patter,
Down the gravelled path ;
A little tongue goes chatter, chatter,
In answer to its father's laugh ;
On his shoulder it quickly climbs,
Round his neck its arms are twined,
While with joy its blue eyes shine,
As it rides to meet mamma.

Little feet have ceased to patter,
Up and down the hall ;
The little one has ceased to chatter —
Ceased to play with its doll ;
We no more hear the blessed sound
Of little footsteps pattering round,
And our lonely house no more resounds
With gleeful, childish calls.

Little feet have ceased to patter,
Down the gravelled path ;
The little tongue has ceased to chatter —
Hushed is its childish laugh ;
In its mother's lap it no more climbs,
Its arms round her neck are no more twined,
Its eyes are closed, and have ceased to shine —
The little one's dead ! — alas !

A BOY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

When a boy, my mother once said to me,
As she overheard me complain :
“ Cheer up, my boy, and patient be,
And from your sighs refrain ;
Methinks that e'en this very day,
A ship is sailing o'er the way,
And soon shall anchor in the bay —
That o'er her you may reign.

“ So look for that ship from over the sea,
That's coming for you, my boy ;
And as soon as you spy her, hasten to me,
That I may then wish you joy.
A valuable cargo 'tis said to hold,
With plenty of silver and plenty of gold,
And most beautiful jewels of value untold —
All yours to own and enjoy.”

I ran to the wharf, filled with joy and pride,
And long my eyes did strain ;
But though I scanned the horizon from tide to
tide,
I looked for that ship in vain.

Ah! many a boy has been told, like me,
 To look for that ship from over the sea ;
 And then, like me, how disappointed would be,
 On giving it up in disdain.

Boston, June, 1874.

OH, WHY WASN'T I BORN RICH?

I asked my mother, when very young :

“Why do the proud our cottage shun,
 As by our gates their horses run?”

And, taking another stitch,
 She said: “My son, we're very poor,
 And long we must these things endure.”

“But, mother,” cried I, looking quite demure,
 “O, why wasn't I born rich?”

As round our cot the wind whistled bleak,
 A tear trickled down my mother's cheek,
 And though she reproved me, her voice was meek,
 As still she continued to stitch :

“Let's be thankful, my boy, that we both enjoy
 health,
 Instead of repining the absence of wealth.”

“But others have both,” said I to myself—
 “O, why wasn't I born rich?”

"But, my boy," whispered mother, soft and low,
 "Riches they come, and riches they go,
 And adversity's winds may not always blow —

And I may not always stitch!"

"But, mother, are the rich any better 'n the poor,
 That our honor they should by rich morsels lure,
 And oblige us forever to insult endure? —

Oh, why wasn't I born rich?"

"Let's take life as it comes, my boy," whispered
 she,

"And when you are older, perhaps wealthy you'll
 be ;

Then together we'll live, so happy and free —

And I shall not have to stitch!"

Then I kissed my dear mother on cheek and on
 brow,

And promised I'd faithfully stick to the plow —
 And never have I said, from that time till now:

"Oh, why wasn't I born rich?"

Boston, April, 1874.

THE SOLDIER'S FATE.

“To morrow we go to battle —

Dearest wife, good-bye ;

To-morrow we go to battle,

Many of us to die !

And as I'm no better than the rest,

Why, then, should I with life be blest

More than the thousands that, uncaressed,

On the cruel field must lie ?”

Next day he went to battle —

He'd said his last good-bye ;

He fell amid the cannon's rattle,

There for hours to lie ;

His post was in the foremost rank,

And his comrades, charging with heavy clank,

Heard his low moan as he, bleeding, sank —

The first on the field to die.

“What news from the field of battle ?”

Asked the soldier's wife ;

'Most drowned by the infant's prattle,

Came the answer like a knife :

“Thou and thy child must face the billow —
Tears must wet thy lonely pillow —
For thy soldier sleeps 'neath a Southern willow,
Free from pain and strife.”

Boston *Journal* Composition Room, August, 1874.

THE PHYSICIAN.

Poets love to make subjects of Neros,
And paint them in colors sublime ;
Their soldiers are the veriest heroes,
While their sweethearts are heroines ;
A knight to be brave must be cruel,
With whom a world is plenty of fuel
To light a fire that must end in a duel —
But that kind of subject ain't mine.

They go wild over steamboat explosions,
And show up each railway collision ;
In fact, there's nothing that has motion,
But what they write of without intermission.
The victim of war is christened a saint,
A political leader is called good and great,
While their stories of sickness would cause one
to faint —

But not a word do they say for the physician.

You can seldom find the doctor at rest,
He never expects comfort at home,
He's up before daylight and dressed,
Perhaps listening to some dying moan
He sits down to breakfast with appetite light —
You can tell by his face that he's been out 'most
all night ;
But though his couch looks inviting, his fireside
bright,
He must hasten to houses of woe.

There's a ring at the bell — a step in the hall —
And a tap at his office door ;
'Tis a poor little girl from the village — that's all —
She's often been there before.
Her voice is so hoarse that she can hardly speak,
Her hands are cold, and wet are her feet —
Her mother is worse, and is very weak,
So she's come for the doctor once more.

He hastens from the table without a sigh,
And prepares to go out in the snow ;
Then kisses his wife, at the door, good-bye,
And starts on his mission alone.
The snow falls fast, and the wind blows wild,
As he leaves his gate for his long, cold ride ;
But he thinks not of that, and soon sits beside
The cot on which the sick woman moans.

150 THAT INFERNAL MOCKING-BIRD.

On earth he may never get his reward,
 Still a reward he has in sight ;
For the Father of the fatherless and the widow's
 God
 Will some day make it right.
God bless the good physician —
'The one who fulfills his mission,
Whatever be his position
 In this, his earthly fight.

Boston, February, 1875.

THAT INFERNAL MOCKING-BIRD.

There's a mocking-bird lives just over the way,
And I made his acquaintance the other day —
For he mocked me as I sat at my piano to play,
 And then I just up and got mad ;
A plaintive m-e-o-w then made me think of my
 kitten,
And when found, fast asleep, and its ears I had
 smitten,
I quickly found out that a bait I had bitten —
 While the mocking-bird laughed and was glad.

A cry of distress sends me out of my chair,
 And into the street I quickly repair —
 But what is my anger to find nothing there,
 And everything seems to be right !
 I scratch my head from sheer vexation,
 And utter aloud my condemnation,
 For such a source of aggravation
 You never saw the like !

Now my little son I've been training with care,
 Never to whistle, except out in the air,
 And "whistle in the house," I said, "if you dare,
 And a thrashing assuredly will be your lot !"
 But one day as I stood in my sitting-room drear,
 The tune "Yankee Doodle" smote rude on my
 ear ;
 I seized a broom-handle, and searched far and
 near,
 When from the mocking-bird's throat came the
 whistle I sought.

Boston, May, 1874.

THE FIFTH OF JULY.

The "Glorious Fourth" has come and gone,
And the scores of boys who, yesterday morn,
Roused us with sound of drum and horn,
All quiet are to-day ;
Tired out little ones are glad to rest,
They're not in such a hurry to leave their nests
As they were on yesterday — which I'll be blest
If I ain't glad to say.

We all felt proud and patriotic,
When yesterday we ope'd our pockets,
And purchased crackers, squibs and rockets,
For many a smiling pet ;
And we are thankful that to-day
Full many a rogue, too tired to stray,
Is glad to stay at home, and pay
Old Nature's standing debt.

But, boys, preserve your swords of tin,
That you may more mock battles win
Another year — and may your din
Be of strife the only sound ;

May peace and plenty bless our land —
May good be done on every hand —
And cursed be the hostile band
That treads on Yankee ground.

Boston, July, 1874.

THE SWALLOWS' CARNIVAL.

I.

One morning in the month of May,
As I rode on my weary way,
I thought I heard a swallow say :
“Come, messmates, let us all away
Down to the meadow, there to play
Around the heads of Farmer Gray
And his four sons, a making hay —
With the negro, Peter Gerry !
So come, ye swallows, blithe and gay,
All follow me, nor longer stay ;
For don't I tell you, all the day,
We'll make the cattle wildly stray —
The savage house-dog loud shall bay,
And e'en the sober horse shall neigh,
Answered by the donkey's bray —
While we are making merry !”

II.

Down in the meadow, Farmer Gray
And his four sons were making hay ;
And while they sang so blithe and gay,
On this fine morn in balmy May,
I stopped me on my weary way,
To watch the swallows at their play,
And distinctly heard the Farmer say :

“Where are you, Peter Gerry?
Come, hurry up, nor longer stay,
As I fear the cattle have gone astray ;
For even now the donkey's bray
Is answered by the horse's neigh —
And all are trying to get away,
While Towser's loud and angry bay
Warns me that perhaps to-day
The swallows are making merry !”

Boston, May, 1874.

HOURS OF IDLENESS AND MOMENTS OF MIRTH.

DUTCHY IN TROUBLE.

You see, I votes me for Dix,
On the day vot they call election,
When a fellow they called Nick,
(From the House vot they call Correction),

Says : " Dutchy, vot dicket you votes ? "
I telled him I votes me for Dix ;
Den he called me von lager beer bloat —
But all vot I telled him was " Nix ! "

He said on my eye he'd put a three-decker,
And he'd punch me in the snoot some day ;
Den I telled him I'd go him one better !
(For I got mad, pretty quick, right away.)

I said he done better mind his biz —
Dot I didn't was to be bought ;
But shust dot minute my nose struck his fist,
And he said to me : " Dutchy, shmell dot ! "

Den I shmelled me so hard dot my nose it got
bloody,

And the bolice they took me to the station,
And the Shudge he said coz I didn't got some
money,

Dot he'd give me tree monts' recreation —

At a blace called Blackwell — down the bay —
Mit vinders all covered mit fences.

Den said I: "Mr. Shudge, how much board must
I pay?"

"Uncle Sam," says he, "pays the expenses!

"You'll have blenty of vork, mit blenty of feed,
And blenty of messmates gay;
For there's bully Ned Stokes, mit Billy M. Tweed,
At Blackwell — down the bay."

They took me down in the "Colored Maria,"
And shaved me all over my head,
Gave me a new shute o' clothes, and called me
Goliah,
And put a ball mit a chain on my leg.

When I got done vorking for the city,
I went my frau to see;
But, goodness gracious! what a pity! —
She'd done forgotten me.

She'd been and married mit another man,
For fear dot I was lost ;
And all she said, as she shook my hand,
Vos : " Snyder, how you vos ? "

Just then the other feller came ;
And, heavings ! what a fix !
My goodness gracious ! May I be blamed,
If the other feller wa'n't Nick !

Says Nick to me, says he : " You git ! "
" I guess not much," says I ;
Then says Nick to me : " Take that ! " says Nick —
And I took it in my eye.

Vell ! The doctor said if my nose he could find,
He might, perhaps, glue it together ;
But as for my ear, my lip and my eye,
I'd have to lose them forever !

Now, will you bleeze take my advice,
And if you vote for Dix,
Be careful vere you leave your vife,
And keep away from Nick.

Boston, March, 1875.

A DULL DAY.

The dullest day I ever passed
Was in a town hard by ;
The time went slow — the rain fell fast —
While I, with many a sigh,
Wished myself 'most anywhere
But in that farm-house, grim and bare,
Where one must eat the coarsest fare,
Or of starvation die.

A day so cold, and damp, and drear,
I never since have met —
A blank it was in my career,
And one I'll ne'er forget ;
For all day long the drizzling rain
Rattled 'gainst the window pane,
And trying to be cheerful was all in vain,
So I naught could do but fret.

Enveloped in a sailor's blouse,
I thrice took the homeward track,
But every time I left the house
I soaking wet came back ;

So, chill and cold the rain came down,
While at the fire I huddled round,
And cursed the day that I left town,
To every comfort lack.

At last I thought me of a plan
To pass the time away —
At some good book I'd take a hand,
And reading spend the day ;
But though I searched in every nook,
Not even a paper — much less a book —
Rewarded me for my anxious look,
And thus I was brought to bay.

With desperation in my face,
And anger in my eye,
I swore, as night came on apace,
That I'd make another try ;
So I offered to beat at a game of whist
Any one that would play — and I didn't desist,
Till my offer was accepted by a black-eyed miss,
Of whom I'd been quite shy.

The way she handled the cards was stunning,
For, at the very start,
She beat me badly eight times running,
And it stung me like a dart ;

So I said : " If to you it's all the same,
I'll forfeit my hand, my purse and name,
That you cannot beat me one more game ! "

Said she : " With all my heart ! "

She won the game, and turned to leave,
But I wouldn't let her go,
And told her that I'd always grieve
If now she left me so ;
I told her that I was a lonely bach,
With no one to sew for me — no one to patch —
And asked if she was willing to make a match —
And she didn't answer " No ! "

We're married now, and settled down,
But I'll never forget the day
That I passed in a farm-house out of town,
And often to my wife I say :
" Suppose we have a game of whist ; "
And she'll always answer, with a lisp :
" Bravo ! and we'll have for the stakes a kiss ! "
And, of course, I don't say " Nay ! "

Mansfield, June, 1874.

ANY OLD STOCKINGS TO MEND?

When reading, one day, a subject sublime,
And my thoughts were from the clouds suspending,
These words they came from that mother of mine :
“Have you any old stockings that need mending?”

I told her that I hadn't — and if I had,
I'd burn them the first thing I'd do ;
When she said, looking up from her work, quite sad,
“Why, what *can* be the matter with you?”

One evening, while courting a beautiful lass —
In the midst of a love-sick yarn —
Mother said, as she burst into the room with a crash :
“Any holes in your stockings to darn?”

Of course I came down with a terrible splash,
From the height that I was dizzily soaring,
While my mother was wondering what made me so rash,
To break out in such a wild fit of roaring.

But that wa'n't so bad as a time, long before,
 When boarding with a hundred of others,
 I was met by the boarders and waiters at the door,
 Holding out a large letter from mother.

Now it wasn't the size of the letter,
 Nor the advice that was written within,
 But I found what it was, when I examined it
 better,
 That was causing such a terrible din.

Either note-paper was hard to obtain,
 Or dear mother's thoughts wouldn't end,
 For on the front of the envelope was written quite
 plain :

“Have you any old stockings to mend?”

I sat down and wrote my obituary,
 In language that would your heart rend,
 And told her that I died last January,
 And hadn't “any stockings to mend!”

But the joke of the thing has long gone past —
 I appreciate those well-darned rents ;
 It's mighty handy to have a mother to ask :
 “Have you any old stockings to mend?”

Westboro', September, 1874.

THE BATTLE.

They met — 'twas in the heat of strife,
Where thick the bullets flew ;
These two — the foremost in the fight —
One clad in gray, the other blue ;
Huge drops of sweat rolled down
Their faces, by exposure browned,
And each man felt that he had now
A life to save or lose.

Each soldier smiled the warrior's smile,
And his reeking weapon drew,
Each watching the other for a while,
To see what the other would do ;
Then suddenly each of one accord,
With expanding chests and shoulders broad,
Brought back with power his ponderous sword,
And straight at the other flew.

As steel met steel, and clash followed clash,
And fiercer the conflict grew,
Each army stopped in its headlong dash,
To watch these giants two ;

And like the heaving and troubled throes
Of the restless sea, surged those ranks of foes,
While loud and hoarse such shouts arose
As: "Wade in, Gray!" and "Lay on, Blue!"

But the heaviest blow that was that day struck,
Was dealt by the soldier in blue?
And a groan from the Rebel side rose up,
When their champion's blade, in pieces two,
Fell from his nerveless grasp;
While he, with a stifled gasp,
Sunk to his knee upon the grass,
And clutched his bowie true.

"Strike home, good Yank, and make an end
Of this foolish game, this great ado,
And, dying, I'll think of you as a friend,
If with one stroke you run me through!"
Thus fiercely spoke the man in gray,
But his opponent scornfully answered, "Nay!"
While with a wrench he broke *his* blade,
And brought a slender dagger in view.

"Friend Yank, such odds I did not ask,
From one of your Northern crew,
And if I had but a well-filled flask,
I'd drink a health to you!"

Thus spoke the Rebel, with a sidelong glance
At the flask, protruding from the other's flank ;
Which hint was taken by the ready Yank,
And the treasure he quickly drew.

"Drink my health with this !" he cried,
Which the other proceeded to do ;
Then the flask was returned to its owner's side,
And both began fighting anew ;
But the odds were now on the Rebel's side,
And 'twas but a little while before a chance he
espied,
Then with a feint, a thrust, and a manœuvre fine,
The dagger into mid-air flew.

Then the Yankee was at the Rebel's mercy,
So both the armies knew ;
So also knew our hero from Jersey —
What then did the Yankee do ?
Did he loudly for quarter bawl ?
Did he drop to the ground and crawl ?
Not much ! He simply said, with a drawl :
"Say, Johnny — gin us a chew !"

Boston, November, 1874.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

For a living, you see, I sell clams,
Which I carry around on the street,
Selling some by the peck, and some by the can,
And some (where they're big) by the piece.

To inform folks that I am around,
I set up a sort of a yell —
Which some call a roar, and others a howl,
But I call "Fresh clams for to sell."

I one day met a swallow-tailed coat,
While inside of the coat was a man ;
The garment was buttoned clear up to his throat,
And he looked for the world like a clam.

Said he : " I'm a vocal instructor,
And I'm stopping at the Tremont Hotel ;"
But to prove that I was a non-conductor,
I howled all the louder for a spell.

" My friend," quoth he, " you've an elegant voice,"
So I yelled : " Beat this if you can ;
You pays your money, and you takes your choice,
Here's where you get your fresh clams."

My yell was so strong he clung to the fence,
To keep him from blowing away,
Then he told me again that my voice was immense,
And I'd surely be a singer some day.

I told him that I never was much on the sing,
That I wasn't that "sort of a man ;"
That as a boy I'd won fame at "bull in the ring,"
And I'd done nothing since but sell clams.

"Everybody has an excuse to give ;
But," said he, "I've roamed the world through,
And I claim that there doesn't a mortal live
But could be taught to sing at my school."

At first he'd soft-soap me all over,
Then he'd spread on a layer of blarney ;
He said that he hailed from Dover,
And his name was Prof. Von Carney.

So I told him that the very next evening
I'd "take in" his wonderful school ;
But when I went 'twas with a sort of a feeling
That I was making of myself a fool.

He kept us but a few moments waiting,
Then gave us a hymn to rehearse,
Called "The morning light is breaking,"
(I dreaded that hymn from the first.)

I didn't even stop for the others,
I so ached to get through the darned thing,
And I quickly all other sounds smothered,
By thus frantically commencing to sing :

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,"
(At this point five singers were fainting,
And the Professor was holding his ears.)

Not aware of the trouble I was making,
I continued to yell more fierce :
"The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears."

Then the Professor he groaned as though he'd a
spasm,
And his face, which was pale, still grew paler ;
"My friend," quoth he, in a voice of sarcasm,
"As a success I fear you're a failure.

"'Tis true I held that there wasn't a man
Who to sing couldn't practically learn,
And if the Devil should hanker after a vocal band,
To you for a leader he'd turn."

Though the compliment was rather left-handed,
I thanked him, and left the shebang ;
But that evening the school it disbanded,
While I stood at the door yelling "Clams."

Boston, December, 1874.

POOR JOSEPHINE!

The Boston girls are beautiful,
The Boston girls are gay ;
To their parents they are dutiful,
And happy girls are they.

Before they reach their teens, however,
They talk of love and marriage,
And are always ready, whate'er the weather,
To elope by rail or carriage.

Now I chanced to know, among the masses,
A girl named Josephine,
Whose lips were sweeter than molasses,
And whose age was just sixteen.

But Josephine she fell in love
With a red-haired Anglo-Saxon,
Who swore by all the stars above
That he loved her to distraction.

So she wrought him gifts most rich and gay —
All worked with gold and pearl ;
But, taking them all, he ran away
And married another girl.

Then Josie vowed a solemn vow,
And smote her heaving breast :
“ I’ll never love again, I trow —
I’ll be a hermit-*ess* ! ”

So when her weeping friends came round,
Alas ! they found her not !
She’d taken — I cannot write it down !
She’d taken — *she’d taken a walk !*

Then never more was she seen alive
By any of her friends ;
But a trapper, out on the prairie wide,
Discovered her *Grecian Bend* !

It was riddled with Indian arrows,
And a tomahawk lay by its side.
Alas ! how my soul is harrowed,
To know how poor Josephine died !

Boston, March, 1875.

UGLY O'GRADY.

The ugliest man that ever existed
Since the day that Adam was born,
Was a Milesian gentleman, double-and-twisted —
A giant in height and in brawn ;
His name it was Phelim O'Grady —
When he was round others kept shady,
For with a stroke of his mauler,
He'd have made Hercules holler,
And Mace would have surely gone crazy.

O'Grady owned a purp, he did —
The homeliest dog in town ;
And other dogs they up and slid,
When O'Grady's dog was round.
He was a dirty, yaller, mangy sinner,
That in every dog-fight was sure to be winner ;
And the first thing he'd do when his dander was up
Would be to waltz up to some littler pup,
And swallow him whole for his dinner.

But bad luck came to Phelim O'Grady,
And his dog — whose surname was Crab —
For he one day insulted a lady,
Which her name it was Bridget McNabb ;

With a broomstick she opened his smeller,
Just as neat as you'd slice up a melon,
While her cat — which his name it was Tom —
Came down like a hundred-pound bomb
On the back of that Crab — poor feller !

Would that I had the brush of an artist,
To show up that bloody affray ;
For though Phelim was smart, old Bridget was
smartest,
And Crab found his match on that day.
First Phelim would give Bridget a drive in the
mug,
Then Bridget would give Phelim a belt in the lug ;
First the dog caught the cat and chewed off an
ear,
But the cat got the best of him in a way mighty
queer —
For he transformed the dog into a tailless cub.

Poor Phelim soon hadn't a hair on his head,
And there wa'n't any trace of his nose,
While one eye was black, and the other one red;
And he ached from his roof to his toes ;
Then of poor Bridget's teeth there wa'n't left a
one —
They were crammed down her throat when the
fight first begun ;

But she cared not for this, did Bridget McNabb,
She had sailed in for sport, but now she was
mad,
And she again went for that son of a gun.

Then another round was fought,
And another victory won,
By the sex that is usually thought
So weak for work or fun.

Ah! bad luck to you, Phelim O'Grady,
To be licked by a true Irish lady!

Ye'd ha' better ne'er tackled old Bridget McNabb —

While there's little now left of your dirty dog
Crab;

But old Tom whisks his tail moity gaily.

"Arrah!" said Bridget, "me foiné Phelim O'Grady!"

While with the poker she gave him a dab,
"Ain't it thinkin' ye are that ye'd better kept
shady,

'Stead of picking a row with Bridget McNabb?"
Then said Phelim: "May I be essentially durned
If I haven't this day a hard lesson learned;

So all that I ask of you is to let me alone —
I want to see mother — I want to go home;
Faith, me bones feel as though I'd been churned."

Then, face tailward, on a donkey, she made Phelim ride,

Looking for the world like a broken-down hog ;
While round his bull-neck she a rope quickly tied,
And at the end of the rope tied the dog.

Then there congregated along that route,
Men, women and children — slim and stout —
Some greeting Phelim with hideous groans,
While others, pelting him with mud and stones,
Asked if his “mother knew he was out.”

Poor Phelim had fought his last battle,
And he sighed that he'd ever been born —
He swapped his false knuckles for a rattle,
And turned to a hermit forlorn ;
While Crab, poor fellow, wandered tailless and sad,
Till he caught hydrophobia, one day, and run mad ;
But Bridget McNabb, she lives to this day,
While Tom is still ready for battle or play —
And that's the end of the story, be-dad !

Boston, August, 1874.

NOT A CENT OF MONEY.

Not a cent of money in my pocket,
Not a whole pair of shoes to my name,
Not a morsel of food in the closet,
Not a coat to protect me from rain.
My pockets were once filled with gold,
My clothing was not always old,
And thick boots kept my feet from the cold,
While my barn groaned with hay and grain.

Not a cent of money in my pocket,
Not an atom of wood in the shed ;
If there was a war I'd enlist and get shot at,
And send home the means to buy bread.
If I was killed in the heat of dissension,
Why, my family would sure get a pension,
While I would get honorable mention,
(How much good that would do me when dead !)

Not a cent of money in my pocket,
Not a friend to give me a haul ;
So my wife bid me take this wee locket
To a Jew, whom she called Uncle Saul.

"All who deal with him are obliged," said she,
"To go by the famous 'rule of three'—
Leave two and carry one, you see,
Explains his sign of the three gold balls."

Not a cent of money in my pocket —
Ah! Here I am at Saul's door —
"What'll you lend me, Sir Jew, on this locket,
That my wife bid me bring to your door?"
"It vas von very bad dimes," said the Jew,
Ogling and lying like the rest of his crew,
"But I'll give you, mine friend, seeing it's you,
One dollar for that locket — no more."

Though I hadn't a cent in my pocket,
I'd a fist at the end of my arm,
And I went for that Jew like a rocket,
In a way that occasioned alarm;
I flattened his nose, by way of a caution,
Then, as a finishing touch to that imp of extortion,
I forced him to swallow, with delightful contortion,
The three golden balls, stuffed with yarn.

I hadn't a cent in my pocket,
But wonders, you know, never cease;
For another incident came on the docket,
That I'll mention to you, if you please:

A nobleman, wealthy and grand,
As he passed saw the locket in my hand,
And, turning quickly, he after me ran,
Calling loud all the while for police.

As I hadn't a cent in my pocket,
I'd no chance 'gainst a lord of the land,
So I was arrested on account of a locket —
The same that I held in my hand.

"Long years ago," spoke the nobleman, loud,
While the noise quickly gathered a gaping crowd,
"I was blest with a daughter, of whom I was proud,
Who was stolen one day on the strand."

Now I hadn't a cent in my pocket,
But of curiosity had my share,
And I was curious to know what my wife's locket
Had to do with his daughter, so fair.

"At the time she was stolen," continued the lord,
"She had on a locket, not costly, but odd,
With a portrait inside, and the simple word
'Maud,'

And that man has the locket, I'll swear."

Said I: "I haven't a cent in my pocket,
And I'm neither a thief nor tipsy,
But you've described to a T this locket,
Which was given my wife by a gypsy,

Who, on dying, confessed with a solemn vow,
That she'd stolen my wife when a child, and how
She had on her neck the locket I hold now,
Which I'll prove to you in a jiffy."

I hadn't a cent in my pocket,
Although I'd a lord for my guest ;
But the history of my wife and the locket
I imagine you can easily guess.
From obscurity we suddenly rose to fame,
But I never forgot, for to me 'twas no shame,
The day that I hadn't a cent to my name,
Which was a proud day to me, I confess.

Boston, October, 1874.

STOP THAT LAUGH.

It was four o'clock in the morning,
In the merry month of October,
That fifty compositors were yawning,
Wishing themselves drunk, 'stead of sober ;
For nothing was worse, in their opinion,
Than working all night on solid minion.

For over an hour not a word had been spoken,
All busy over the late Congress session,
When the silence was ignominiously broken
By a comically worded expression
From "Calamity," the clown of the *Journal*,
Growling over his luck, infernal.

The men laughed loudly about it,
Not so much because they were tickled,
But that their feelings needed an outlet,
So they could do nothing better than giggle ;
And they proceeded to such a racket make,
That the very building seemed to shake.

Then the foreman glared with reddened phiz,
And, with voice both loud and clear,
Yelled: "Stop that laugh right where it is! —
This ain't a menag-e-rea!"
Now to nip a laugh right in the midst of fun,
Ain't 'most always sometimes so easily done.

But every one of those fifty men
Suddenly left their cases,
And a rousing search commenced,
In the most unheard-of places,
To mind the mandate of their boss,
And stop the laugh right where it was.

First here it rippled,
And there it bubbled —
The apprentices were tickled,
And the foreman troubled ;
For fifty men their time were wasting,
In boisterously a giggle chasing.

Under the cases and over the cases,
And into the foreman's desk,
With anxious looks upon their faces,
The men kept at their quest ;
And any man (to say it I grieve,)
If he had to laugh, just did it in his sleeve.

Now our frizzle-headed office boy —
In other words, our devil —
When he saw the sport he yelled for joy,
That's where his head wa'n't level ;
For they stopped the mouth of the festive youth,
To keep the laugh from oozing through.

They crammed into a barrel the luckless wight,
Led on by "Din" and "Foss,"
Then quickly heading the barrel tight,
"Shell" thusly spoke to the boss :
"Inside of the barrel is 'Tim,'
And the laugh's inside of him !"

Then they all went back to their labor,
Those fifty compositors, gay,
And lighting their pipes they created a vapor,
That encircled each radiant face ;
But as they were boasting over their task sur-
mounted,
From the bunghole of the barrel a laugh re-
sounded.

Boston, December, 1874.

MY SERENADE.

I was loudly singing, my tenor voice ringing,
Under her window — as I thought —
When her father stopped me at the very beginning,
And his musket of '76 brought.

“Young man, go West,” was his request,
So I thanked the elderly gent ;
But I little thought what he said was a jest,
And to the west end of the house I went.

And there, with glee, I saw Kate Lee,
And, hoping her love to gain,
I played “Way down in Tennessee,”
With all my might and main.

“Won’t you go and try to ‘lie down and die’?”
I heard her brother squall ;
But I struck up “Coming through the Rye,”
As loud as I could bawl.

I saw her stitching, and cried, bewitching :
“Oh, come into the garden, Maud ;”
When I heard her answer from the kitchen :
“Go ’way, you miserable fraud !”

I then struggled hard to sing the "Mulligan
Guard,"

And I'd sung three lines — about —
When these harsh words my feelings jarred :
"Does your mother know you're out?"

"Oh, give us a rest!" then yelled with zest
Both old man, son and daughter ;
But I told them that I'd forgotten the "rest,"
Then fled from that sad quarter.

Boston, July, 1874.

PRINTERS AND HATTERS.

To C. H. King—a Hatter jolly,
I dedicate these lines of folly.

I've heard it said that Printers and Hatters
Are the worst men in the world living ;
They say they're all scoundrels — especially the
latter —

But to the "Devil his due" I'd be giving !

To be sure, some are drunken and lazy,
And will always go hungry and cold ;
But other men drink and grow hazy —
Black sheep are in every fold.

They say: "You're a Printer, I'll never trust you!"

Was ever a man treated so base?

And because you're a Hatter — and a jolly one,
too —

They say that blue brimstone you'll taste.

When together we are — though I can't see the
matter —

They say that "the Devil's to pay;"

But though I'm a Printer, and you are a Hatter,
Should we always be enemies — say!

We'll tell 'em we're mortal, and don't care a fig,

And then if they don't like our style,

We'll spin them a yarn, or dance them a jig,

And tell them to go to Belle Isle.

Let's keep on 'bout our work, nor care what they
say,

Though our trades make us somewhat dyspep-
tic ;

While there's work to be done we're sure of good
pay,

And the barkeeper ain't the *only* one gets it.

Boston, May, 1874.

WE THREE.

List, while I tell you of a light-haired girl,
With blue eyes full of glee,
Whose smile is enough to convert the world,
Whose voice is rich and sweet.
I've loved her much — I've loved her long —
I've loved her more than wine and song ;
I love her now — perhaps 'tis wrong —
For a dark-eyed girl loves *me* !

This dark-eyed girl has a complexion rare,
And a Spanish temper, too ;
With blood-red lips and jet-black hair,
And teeth excelled by few ;
Her crimson cheeks ne'er blanch with fear —
In form she vies with Galatea —
While every day she seems more dear,
And I worship her — I do !

Now these two girls, some folks might think,
Their hatred could never smother ;
But you'll always see them arms a-link,
For each one loves the other.

They freely tell of their love for me,
While I'm between two fires, you see ;
But with the golden rule we all agree,
 In loving one another.

You say that but one the law allows,
 And ask me which I'll take !
If you think to remove one from my house,
 You make a grand mistake ;
We're in for sport, you just can bet —
The jolliest crowd you ever met —
And you'll find a table ready set,
 If you a call will make.

You think I'm a Mormon — you miserable wretch !
 Begone, or I'll give you my boot !
Why not make me a Turk, with harem to match,
 Or some other insipid galoot ?
Know that one is my sister — ever ready for a
 spree —
While the other's my wife — who's now calling me ;
She says that the table is waiting for tea,
 And I guess there's a place for you !

Boston, May, 1874.

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

There are many odd things in wake human nature,
And it's puzzled I am to see a delicate crayture
With a withered-up form and angelic fayture,

And a bustle clane up on her back !
Who pretends to be honest,
But so hankers to be a goddess
That she won't even dress modest,
Let alone dressing matter-of-fact.

There's foolish Aunt Hester,
Whom my sister Esther
And myself used to pester,
While we were all sitting in church ;
For the way she did do it,
She sometime will rue it,
For if she but knew it,
She looked like a pig on a perch !

And they keep up such a smiling,
For to look so beguiling —
All dacent men riling —
Whenever we're at a theatre or fair,

That if I was a parson,
I on them would fasten
A clutch like Kit Carson,
And confiscate their bustles and hair !

Boston, May, 1874.

THE LAUGHING MAN.

As a laughist he was excelled by few —
Always boiling over with glee ;
He'd laugh at anything, and nothing, too,
Whichever it happened to be.

He'd laugh at a sermon because it was dry,
And a baptism because it was wet ;
At a wedding he'd make every one nigh,
The dignity of the occasion forget.

Now a friend, of whom he thought the world,
Took a notion, one day, to die ;
So 'twas supposed by all that he'd take on like a
girl,
And tear his hair and cry.

But, instead of that, he began to laugh,
From the moment the funeral commenced,
Till he acted so much like an overgrown calf,
That the mourners to their anger gave vent.

Then he told them what 'twas that pleased him
so much —

To wit : that but three weeks before
The deceased made a bet of a champagne lunch,
That he'd live full twenty years more.

“ But now he's gone,” said he, “ and died,
And this is the last of Bill ;
Though the champagne lunch will have to slide,
Unless it's down in his will.”

Boston, January, 1875.

PROVERBS.

DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

Hope on, hope ever — ne'er give way to fear,
Though the night be cheerless, the journey long ;
The clouds will not always look so drear,
For "dark's the hour before the dawn."

March on, march ever — ne'er give up the fight,
Victory but to the brave belongs ;
Press onward, then, nor wait for light,
For "dark's the hour before the dawn."

Toil on, toil ever — ne'er honest labor shirk,
Thank God thou art young and strong ;
Let hope inspire thee, nor cease to work,
For "dark's the hour before the dawn."

Give on, give ever, of what God gavest thee —
Turn not thy face from the cry of want ;
Tell the hopeless prisoner who longs to be free,
That "dark's the hour before the dawn."

Watch on, watch ever — though rust destroy the
grain,

Or cold winds blight the golden corn ;
Instead of despairing, bear in mind the refrain
That “dark’s the hour before the dawn.”

Pray on, pray ever — ne’er give up thy faith,
Though fierce beats adversity’s storm ;
In God put thy trust, and resist the wave,
For “dark’s the hour before the dawn.”

Boston, October, 1874.

MURDER WILL OUT.

“I’ve poisoned three husbands,” said she,
“And yet I roam freely about ;
For they don’t dream I did it, you see,
So ’taint always that ‘murder will out.’ ”

“Perhaps not,” said a Sheriff, who heard her,
“But you’re commencing too early to shout ;
And I arrest you for the high crime of murder,
To show you that ‘murder will out.’ ”

In vain she insisted she was joking,
And offered him any amount
If he'd shield her from getting a choking ;
But he said : " Madam, 'murder will out.' "

Then she attempted to look bewitching,
And put on a woe-begone pout ;
But the Sheriff was brave and unflinching,
And simply said : " Murder will out."

The jury looked solemn and sad,
While the judge looked very devout ;
But the Government counsel looked glad,
And on rising, said, " Murder will out."

When asked if she'd aught to remark,
Quoth she : " You're a parcel of louts ;
You never'd have caught me if I'd only kept dark,
And hang me if 'murder will out.' "

Boston, October, 1874.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

I always feel, when I hear a man boast
Of his cattle, his horses and sheep,
Like wiggling my fingers at the end of my nose,
And saying: "Still waters run deep."

I once saw a sensible play,
Much better than "Micawber and Heep,"
Of a man who was quiet, and another who was
gay,
And they called it: "Still waters run deep."

When one man is dressed flashy and bold,
And another is simply dressed neat,
While the first has nothing, the second one gold,
That's a proof that "still waters run deep."

When one man is out wasting his health,
While another is at home and asleep,
The first sows folly, the second one health,
For in this case "still waters run deep."

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When we hear a man swear what he'll do,
Who could quietly do it as well,
We know he's a coward and a fool,
For naught but "still waters run deep."

Let's, if possible, say less and do more,
For 'tis better to practice than preach ;
And don't forget what I've told you before
About the proverb, "Still waters run deep,"

Boston, October, 1874.

SONNETS.

EXISTENCE.

How strange is existence — or so-called life —
To which we're all begotten !
We're born, live a little while, and die,
Then are buried and forgotten.
The friends who loved us when on earth
Have no remembrance of our worth,
And o'er our graves they're full of mirth,
Long before we're rotten.
Lasting friendship's a thing unknown —
Though surrounded by friends, we're all alone,
For each must hoe his row ;
Every soul has to bear its own sorrow,
But we know not how long — perhaps on the
morrow —
We've done with things below.

Boston, May, 1874.

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HEREAFTER.

Of the vague hereafter fools always prated,
As though they knew the plan
For which God long ago created
This world, and then made man.
God tells us how to live and die,
And therein all His precepts lie —
Be just and true, and always try
To do the best you can.
That is what God bids us do,
While this world we're passing through,
On our journey to the next.
My hereafter to Him I'll leave,
For in His mercy I believe —
And this shall be my text.

Boston, May, 1874.

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THE TRADES.

The architect plans the building,
That the carpenter builds with care ;
Followed by the mason, willing,
Leaving the plasterer his share ;
The tailor has his work to do —
The blacksmith and the cobbler, too,
As well as coopers not a few,
While tinkers are not rare ;
Then there's plenty of labor for painters and gla-
ziers,
Printers with sticks, and barbers with razors,
And machinists are always at work ;
Then the hatter — like the Devil — is always
around,
While locksmiths, goldsmiths and John Smiths
abound —
And the rest of the crowd we must shirk.

Mansfield, June, 1874.

THE PROFESSIONS.

All lawyers for their clients lie,
 To earn their bread and butter ;
But when they've tapped those clients dry,
 They leave them in the gutter.
The doctors in their sulkies ride,
And seem to feel both joy and pride
To see the young folks run and hide,
 And cause a general flutter.
The minister labors hard and long,
To teach us the difference 'twixt right and wrong,
 And his work is not in vain.
Then music and song should each have their due,
But, with other professions, I'll leave them with
 you,
 As I must from writing abstain.

Mansfield, June, 1874.

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FAME.

Why should men barter their souls for a name,
Which is forgotten as soon as they die?
Does a man's dying-bed, on account of fame,
Feel softer, when on it he lies?
The noblest men that have blessed our earth,
Never on posters proclaimed their worth
But modestly filled their humble berths
In doing as they'd be done by.
World-wide renown is simply a bubble,
On life's stormy sea of trouble,
That, once within our grasp,
Quickly bursts — and naught remains
But this saddest of all refrains :
“ A lifetime gone ! Alas ! ”

Boston, August, 1874.

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WEALTH.

Thinkest thou, O man, in wealth to find

A balm for every pain?

Methinks with knowledge to store thy mind

Would be a nobler aim.

Listen, now, to my exhortation :

Let wealth to thee be no temptation,

But build thy house on a sure foundation,

And seek to wisdom gain.

With health and knowledge contented be,

And if wealth should ever come to thee,

Try to use it as thou ought ;

For wealth has wings to come and go,

And how to trust it we do not know,

But a well-stored mind cannot be bought.

Boston, August, 1874.

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MUSIC.

O Music! What a potent charm
Thou exercisest over all!
The savage e'en forgets to harm,
At thy most tender call.
Thou makest the distant friend seem near —
When lonely, thou dryest the homesick tear,
And gloomy thoughts quickly disappear
At thy faintest rise and fall.
Sweet music! I pray that we never part —
Like the dew on the grass, be thou to my heart
A life-giving incense of love;
In music let me live and die,
And even when in my grave I lie,
Let music be wafted above.

Westboro', September, 1874.

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FADING.

Fading, fading, hour by hour,
Our brightest dreams, our choicest flowers,
Are doomed to fade and perish ;
Drooping, drooping, day by day,
In their graves we're called to lay
The friends we so much cherish ;
And though we sometimes fail to see
The hand of God in things like these,
While we're weeping, wailing, broken-hearted,
For our vanished dreams, our friends departed,
Let the higher thought come to our minds —
God is merciful, God is kind ;
He in many ways works out his love,
And His plan will be explained above.

Westboro', September, 1874.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

The choicest fruit must have its blight,
The fairest day must have its night ;
The sweetest flowers must fade and die,
And the grave must call for you and I ;
The warmest summer must give place to fall,
The cup of nectar must turn to gall ;
We never meet but 'tis to part,
The brightest smile carries the saddest heart ;
The song of joy at the dawn of day,
Changes to a wail ere it passes away ;
As goodness falls, and crimes increase,
So health gives place to fell disease ;
As time flies fast, and earth loses its pleasures,
In heaven above let's place our treasures.

Boston & Albany Railroad car, September, 1874.

TO A DARWINIAN.

You believe, you say, in the theory Darwinian,
That far back, in the period Anno Dominian,
Your ancestors were mongrel apes ;
Now I have no doubt, my silly lad,
But that a venerable ourang was your dad,
And a baboon his loving mate ;
Yet I think if I was you, my honey,
I'd purchase a cage of full-grown monkeys,
And watch their antics (so mighty funny)
That they are taught to do ;
Then after you've noticed the sportive games
Of the grizzly males and their grinning dames,
If you don't hide and blush for shame,
Why, I must blush for you.

Boston, December, 1874.

SICK IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

No locks on the doors,
No carpets on the floors —
Loud uttered curses,
Careless stepping nurses —
One whistling very musical,
The other chanting for a funeral —
Everybody speaking,
Every door squeaking —
First the yelp of a poodle,
Then the blast of a bugle —
Noise without ceasing,
Misery increasing —
I'd sooner in Bedlam think to rest,
Than in a boarding-house, the best.

Boston, December, 1874.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Six days shalt thou labor —
 'Tis the law of the land,
But on the seventh thou shalt rest —
 'Tis God's command ;
Do unto another as you'd have
 Another do to you,
Is a diamond motto, framed in gold —
 For 'tis the Golden Rule ;
Honor thy father and thy mother,
 That thy days in the land be long ;
Thou shalt not hate thy brother,
 For 'tis a murderous wrong.
He who obeys these few commands,
Him do I call a God-like man.

Boston, January, 1875.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, readers all,
Friends both great and small !
Let friendly comments fall,
Instead of words of gall,
Upon this frail endeavor
To make words rhyme together ;
And thus expression give
To thoughts I trust shall live
After my body is laid to rest —
After my arms are folded in death —
When my pen shall have ceased to trace
The loveliness of earth and space —
As long as the willow continues to wave
Above the poet's mossy grave.

Boston, November, 1874.



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